JOHN BULL, DECEMBER 15, 1928 Vol. XLIV. No. 1174

JOHN BULL

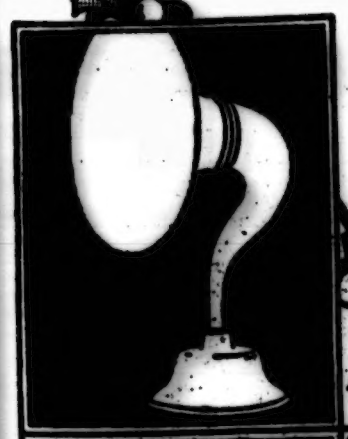
TWOPENCE

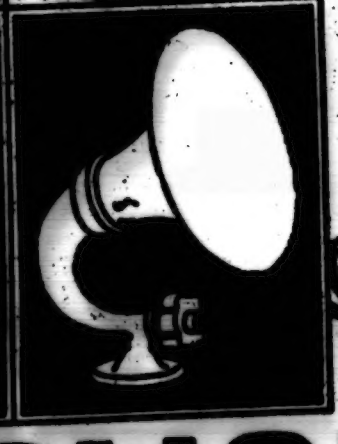
OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

AMPLION

Leads the revelry this Xmas

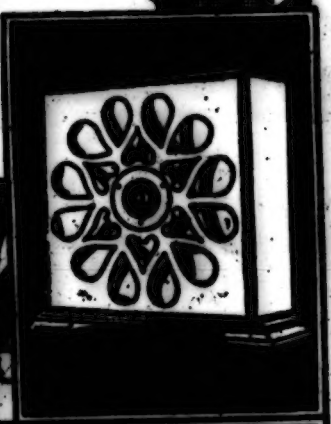
A Merry Christmas?—Amplion! . . . Music and merriment go hand in hand—an Amplion is everything you can think of in the music line. Better, though—much better—for Amplion is Radio at its very best—. . . Hear the carol-singing and the joyous pealing of the Xmas bells—Listen in to theatres, pantomimes, revues, variety—Hear the Christmas concerts—*via* Amplion . . . and Dance! . . . Amplion brings the finest and most popular dance orchestra right into your own home. On with Amplion—off with dull care! Amplion is a host of entertainment—and an entertaining host! Twenty-one Models—for every taste and every purse. Everyone can own an Amplion.

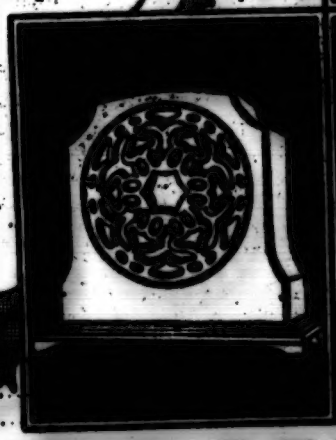




Amplion "Swan Neck"	35/-
Amplion "Standard" Open Cone	52/6
Amplion Junior Cabinet Cone, Oak	60/-
Amplion "Dragon" with metal fare	67/6
Amplion Standard Cabinet Cone, Oak	90/-
Amplion Standard Cabinet Cone, Mahogany	£5

Models in the New Amplion "Lion" Range from £5 10s. to £25.
Loads £5 and £6.





AMPLION SPEAKERS

Graham Amplion, Limited, 25-26, Savile Row, London, W.1. Manchester, 10, Whitworth Street West. Glasgow, 6/8, West George Street. WORKS, SLOUGH.

JOHN BULL'S
GRAND DISTRIBUTION
OF XMAS PACKAGES
Free "Gillette" Razor Set
Gold plated Model, complete with blade, in velvet lined case.
One Shilling Gift Voucher
This Gift Voucher will be accepted as One Shilling in part-payment of the famous "John Bull" Lever Filler Pen. Only one voucher will be accepted in part payment for each pen. Available only until December 31, 1928. Cut out and attach to Coupon below.
1
Hurry up!
There is no time to lose if you are to receive your Gift Package in time for Christmas.
What "John Bull" offers you
FREE!
[1] A 4-Colour "Ever-pointed" Pencil.
Mechanically perfect, superbly finished, writes in blue, black, green or red, OR a dainty Lady's one-colour Pencil in soft pastel shades.
[2] 1/- Gift Voucher.
Accepted as One Shilling cash in part payment of the famous 5/- "John Bull" Pen, fitted with solid 14-carat gold nib, iridium tipped. Guaranteed for two years.
[3] 7/6 "Gillette" Presentation Razor Set.
"Mayfair" de luxe, containing a gold-plated "Gillette" Razor in magnificent case of antique finish, handsomely decorated and sumptuously lined in velvet.
Cut out the Free Shilling Voucher above and attach to Coupon below. Hurry! Don't be too late!
Free 4-Colour "Ever-pointed" Pencil
—four pencils in one, pocket clip, extra leads and rubber, OR, a dainty Lady's One-Colour Pencil.
Written five years' guarantee with each 5/- "John Bull" Pen.
Golden Gift Set containing the famous 5/- "John Bull" Pen and Four-Colour Pencil (or Lady's pencil if you prefer) in dazzling golden box.
ONLY ONE GIFT PACKAGE TO EACH READER

CHRISTMAS GIFT COUPON.

To: "JOHN BULL" Pen Dept. Room, E. 71, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please send me your Xmas Gift Package consisting of the famous 5/- "John Bull" Pen, the FREE Four-Colour "Ever-Pointed" Pencil OR the Lady's Pencil (cross out the pencil not desired), and the FREE 7/6 "Gillette" Presentation Razor Set. I enclose Gift Voucher, which please accept as One Shilling in part payment of the Pen, and also Postal Order for 4/- plus 1/- to cover pocket clip, extra box of refills for "Ever-pointed" Pencil, postage, packing, and insurance—making 5/- in all.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Fine, medium, or broad nib. (Cross out grades not required.)

Your name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Write in capitals name as initials desired .....

Cross cheque/p.o. /& Co. / and make payable to "John Bull."

"J.B." 15/12/28

STORM FLOOD!

JOHN BULL THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY BENEFITS

More Cheques paid this week

Another big batch of cheques has been dispatched this week to readers whose household goods were damaged in the recent storms. These include OVER 200 CHEQUES PAID TO SOUTH WALES READERS. Applications for benefits from those residing in Newcastle, Bristol and other stricken areas are being dealt with as speedily as possible. Lack of space permits us to publish only a few names.

MOUNTAIN ASH.—Mr. A. Howells, Clyndorwen, Oakland Street, Miskin; Mr. D. Williams, 9, Promor Street, Miskin.
RESOLVEN.—Mr. R. Richards, 4, Woodlands.
TREHERBERT.—Mr. T. Williams, 59, Gwendoline Street; H. J. Coles, 25, Margaret Street, Tynewydd.
CWMAVON.—Mr. J. Thomas, 1, Tyr-Eglwys Cott., Cwmavon.
TREALAW.—Mr. A. Hamer, 60, Ynysgynon Road.
MERTHYR.—Mrs. E. Harding, 24, Mount Pleasant.
ABERFAN.—D. J. Banner, 108, Bryntaf.
PORTH.—Mr. T. Jones, 5, Enoch Terr., Trehafog.
PONTNEWYNYDD.—Mr. A. E. Jones, Gorfiwysfa, Plas-y-coed Road.
ABERBARGOED.—Mr. Wm. Lacey, 104 Commercial Street; Mrs. J. Higgs, 1, Cwm Road. Mr. T. Williams, 3, Cwm Road.
MARSYCWMMER. — Mr. I. J. Thomas, Nantwen, Bedwas Road.
RHYMNEY.—Mrs. I. Williams, 16, Morgan's Row.
NEWPORT.—Mrs. I. I. Gamble, 8, Ronald Road.
WAUNLLYDD.—Mr. D. Isaac, 16, Duffryn Road.
WAUNLLYDD.—F. Bevans, 11, Hillside Terr.; Mr. S. Barnes, 17, Duffryn Road.
BLAINA.—Mr. M. Davies, 45, Victoria Street; Mrs. E. Evans, 7, River Row; Mrs. S. Thomas, 67, Lancaster Street.
ABERBEEG.—Mrs. C. Lane, 93, Bryn Garr Terrace.
CATHAYS.—Mrs. E. House, 41, Merthyr Street.
GOODMAYES.—Mr. F. E. Rover, 31, Alloa Road.
TREDEGAR.—Mr. M. Francis, 72, Ash Vale, Nant-y-Cwch; Mr. G. Holmes, 23, Glanhowy Street, Sewyn.
EBBW VALE.—Mr. J. Phillips, Pen-y-cae Cott., Newtown; Mr. A. James, Grais House, Hughes Avenue.
ROGERSTONE.—Mr. M. Sellett, 1, The Willows.
BEAUFORT.—Mr. D. Jones, Pleasant View, Llanyvaide Road.
NANTYGLO.—Mr. J. L. Adams, 123, Queen Street; Mr. T. Evans, Gardner's House.
PONTNEWYDD.—W. Trafferer, 3, Fernleigh, Richmond Road.
TREDEGAR.—Mrs. E. M. A. Secombe, 34, Park View.
PENYGRAIG.—Mr. T. Roberts, 12, Crawshay Road.
EBBW VALE.—D. Corcoran, 23, Tredegar Road.

FIRE! STORM! FLOOD! SICKNESS! ACCIDENT! "John Bull" covers you free. Sign the forms NOW

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT

PLEASE WRITE LEGIBLY.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

J.B. 15.12.28

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL"

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery. Please register me as a regular reader

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Reader's Name..... Age.....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address.....

.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

J.B. 15.12.28

Use 1d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A specimen policy and the full benefits and conditions and regular registration will be sent to you stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return

IN CANADA

Where **help** in the home *is scarcest*

DOMESTIC help—it is often a big problem here at home. Think what it means on the lonely prairie farms of Western Canada. You cannot "send things to the laundry" if you live a day's journey from a town; you cannot hire a charwoman to help with the scrubbing.

But the men and women who run these farms are among the most enterprising and up-to-date in the world. They have cars, wireless, telephones, the latest labour-saving machinery—and they have Sunlight Soap. Throughout Canada, in the great cities as on the remote farms, you will find Sunlight everywhere.

And the sales are continually increasing—not only in Canada, but throughout the Empire and the world. That is a fact of which British women may be proud. For it was they who first recognised the supreme purity and quality of Sunlight Soap—the ease with which it lathers, even in the hardest water—how it saves labour, makes clothes last longer and leaves everything sweet and fresh.

In TORONTO and VANCOUVER one housewife out of every two uses Sunlight Soap

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Used in 134 *different* Countries

S.567—109 LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

THE MAIL ORDER MARKET

A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain Hunters

WHEN SENDING with name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send money and money letters by registered post. Always mention John Bull.

PAY FOR COAT AS YOU WEAR IT

Tweeds, Cheviots, Heathers, Meltons and Naps. Made to Measure from 39/6. NO DEPOSIT. Delivered on payment of first instalment of 5/-; then pay 5/- monthly until you have paid in all **39/6**

Better qualities up to £10 10 0; also SUITS from 55/-. RAINPROOF JACKETS from 39/6. All Made to Measure on similar easy terms.

Write or call for Patterns and Designs. Money returned if unsatisfactory.

Established 1901.

J. B. THORNE & CO.

30, Langham St., London, W.1

NEW WEST BRANCH Empire House (1st Floor), St. Martins-le-Grand (opp. G.P.O.).

TRIM YOUR OWN HAIR

SAVES TIME AND MONEY. FOR LADIES AND GENTS.

Trims as it Combs

2/- Post Free.

Keeps Your Hair Short and Neat.

Simple Adjustable Blade. A Child can use it.

FREE A Waving Comb will be given free to all sending for above.

J. B. COLE, 24, Buckingham St., W.C.2

The NEW Instrument THE HAWAIIAN BANJUKE

1/- DOWN

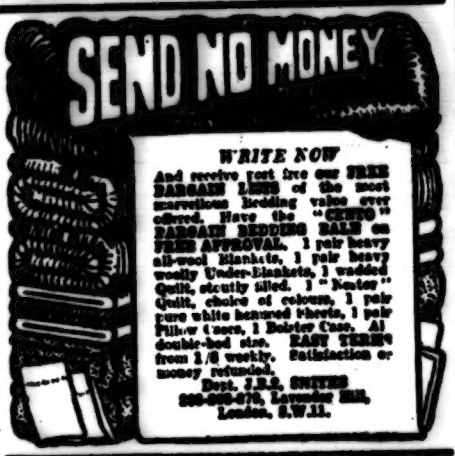
FIRST TIME IN ENGLAND. The latest craze, and easy to learn. Two Jazz instruments in one—Ukulele and Banjo. You can produce the sweet notes of the Ukulele for small rooms and when desired the powerful vibrations of the Banjo for big Halls. Complete outfit provided. Send 1/- with order, then 5/- weekly (19/- in all).

Only obtainable from

(F.) HAND & Co.,

20, New Oxford St., LONDON, W.C.1.

SEND NO MONEY



WRITE NOW

And receive post free our FREE BARGAIN LIST of the most marvellous Bedding value ever offered. Have the "CHEERO" BARGAIN BEDDING SALE on FREE APPROVAL. 1 pair heavy all-wool Blankets, 1 pair heavy woolly Under-Blankets, 1 wadded Quilt, sturdy sliced. 1 "Koster" Quilt, choice of colours, 1 pair pure white bemmed sheets, 1 pair Pillow Cases, 1 Bolster Case. All double-bed size. EASY TERMS from 1/6 weekly. Satisfaction or money refunded.

Dept. J.B.2, SMITHS 209-229-279, Lavender Hill, London, S.W.11.

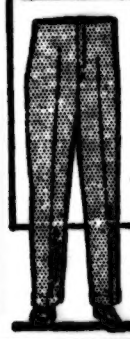
SUPER GRAMOPHONES & RECORDS EASY TERMS

7/6 GIVEN FREE

A guaranteed Gramophone and Columbia Records for trial at home before buying. Is That What You Want? No waiting, your choice promptly delivered from stock. Write at Once for free Lists. The prices and Easy Terms will surprise you as they surprised others. The 7/6 Coupon alone is worth writing for.—Dept. J.G.2 Genie Gramophone Co., Proprs. Geo. Smith, Ltd., 209-229-279, Lavender Hill, London, S.W.11.

IRONCORD TROUSERS

This cloth is specially woven to give REAL HARD WEAR.



The large number of repeat orders testify to the endless wear and smart appearance of these trousers, which are obtainable in the following shades: Dark Grey Dark Brown and Neat Fancy Stripes. Just state colour and give waist and inside leg measurement. Over 40 inches waist, 1/- extra. Youths' sizes (27 in.—31 in. waist) only 5/-. A perfect fit is guaranteed or your money refunded.

5/6 POST 6D

J. WINGO LTD

WHOLESALE CLOTHIERS

23, NORTON FOLGATE, LONDON

FREE GIFT

RADIUM **WRIST WATCH**

LUMINOUS DIAL. Just as light, Day or Night. GENT'S guaranteed wrist watch. Solid 7 plate movement, jewelled compensation balance, proof against heat, cold, damp, electricity. 1/- with order, then 3/- weekly (15/- in all). LADIES' MODEL, same terms. Special Advertising Offer. Purchasers paying cash down or completing payment in six weeks (or less) receive absolutely free the above "National" Jazz Set.

(F.) HAND & CO.

84, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1

GRAMOPHONE DANCERS

The "Tango Two" *Magnetic Dancers.* Simply place them on your Gramophone, when they will WALTZ, FOX-TROT, or ONE-STEP to the music.

REQUIRES NO FIXING AND FITS ANY MAKE OF GRAMOPHONE.

Charmingly dressed and life-like, they create endless fun and amusement. Usual Price 6/6.

Complete Satisfaction or money refunded. XMAS OFFER. Complete set Sent by return.

Hastings Patents Co. (Dept. 92), 121 & 122, Wilton Road, London, S.W.1.

post 3d.

SPECIAL OFFER CHIMNEY SWEEPING & Drain Cleaning Machines 24/-

30 ft. Red Malaca Canes, fitted best brass screws and sockets. 18 inch base chimney brush.

30 40 50 60 70 80ft.
24/- 28/- 32/- 44/- 50/- 58/-

Carriage Paid

Cash refunded if not satisfied

S. TYZACK & SON, Ltd.,

(Dept J.B. 15) 241 a, City St., London, E.C.1

A CHRISTMAS OFFER TO WINGO CUSTOMERS—

Boy's D.B. Suit or Overcoat!

15/-

To mark the Christmas Season Wingo Ltd. are offering at a 25% reduction Boys' 3 garment Knicker Suits or Overcoats (to fit Boys aged 8—13). They are made from good, hard-wearing mixtures in fancy greys or browns: also Youths' Trouser Suits or Overcoats 29/- and Knicker Suits or Overcoats at 11/6 (for Boys aged 2—7). When ordering just state colour required and give age and chest measurement. Perfect fit guaranteed or money refunded.

J. WINGO LTD.

23, NORTON FOLGATE, LONDON.

The JAMES

WONDERFUL VALUE. THE ACE PAVEMENT CYCLE

£2.3.6 CASH

BROWNIE

ON VIEW AT OUR LONDON SHOWROOMS 22, Holborn Viaduct

Kindly call to inspect

WRITE FOR ART CATALOGUE TO JAMES CYCLE Co. Ltd. BIRMINGHAM

CYCLE AGENTS, STORES AND TOY DEALERS SUPPLY.

ONLY 2/6 NOW

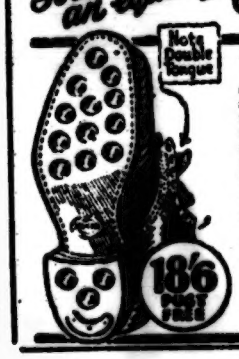
2/6 NOW secures free delivery of this wonderful Bedding Sale, containing:

2 ALL-WOOL WITNEY BLANKETS. Beautiful FEATHER DOWN QUILT, 2 Heavy Fleecy Under Blankets, 2 White Hemmed Sheets, 2 Pillow Cases and Bolster Case. Beautiful Alhambra Counterpane. (All double bed size.) Cash Price 79/6, or balance 9/- monthly. WADDED QUILT instead of DOWN QUILT. Cash Price 75/- or balance 7/6 monthly. Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned.

WRITE NOW for Free Illustrated List.

HOLCOR & CO., LTD. (Dept J.B.), FOREST GATE, London, E.7.

Just like without an equal "USKIDE"



Nots Double Ringed

18/6 POST FREE

THESE strongly made Field Boots are soled with genuine "Uskide" for hard wear and long life. More waterproof than leather or balata; non-slipping, and guaranteed to outlast several ordinary pairs of boots. Great saving to all out-door workers. Black or tan (as supplied to the County Police Force), 18/6 per pair. Shoes 16/11. We pay carriage. If you repair your own footwear write us for prices of "Uskide" heels and soles. All goods sent on approval against cash. Post your order to-day.

G. HUTCHINS, Uskide Warehouse, W. Hanney, Queenborough, Kent.

FREEMANS

Celebrated

SPARE TIME AGENCY

CASH OR CREDIT

Books, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents. Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.

Illustrated Coloured Catalogue.

NO OUTLAY, ALL PROFIT.

Enquiries for Agency invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

For BETTER RADIO Reception

USE THIS **GORDON** H.F. CHOKE

SPECIALLY designed for GORDON & MURLARD receivers, this H.F. Choke is fitted in 30 secs. No soldering, screws or trouble. Greater selectivity—more stations.

For GORDON MELODY MAKER 24 GORDON H.F. Choke, 6/-.

NEW GORDON MELODY MAKER at type "G" GORDON H.F. Choke, 6/-.

MURLARD MASTER THREE 24 GORDON "THREE" Choke, 6/6

Obtainable from your local dealer or cash with order from

C. L. ELLIOTT, 16-12, QUEEN'S ROAD, BATTERSEA, S.W.8

4/- Per Foot

"Bullets" Prize-winners

(Continued from page 39)

£5 and Hamper winners:

H. F. PULLER, 6, Crescent Place, Cartwright Gardens, London, W.C.

SOMETHING WRONG WHEN—POLICEMAN'S BEAT BECOMES PROWL.

Mrs. M. E. LAWSON-SMITH, 31, St. Peter's Square, London, W.

IN DEEP WATER—THEY WON'T" DROP ARMAMENTS."

P. R. WILLIAMS, 91, Linacre Road, Litherland, L'pool.

JUMPING FOR JOY—CROOKS—POLICE CHASING THEMSELVES.

10 £2 10s and Hamper winners:

J. ARNOTT, 14, Lynedock Place, Glasgow.

FORCE OF HABIT—OFTENER THAN THIRST.

W. W. ELLIS, 301, Killinghall Road, Bradford.

WHY HE RESIGNED—OFFICIAL ACCUSED OF ECONOMY!

Mrs. M. GALLIFORD, 30, Westgate Street, Taunton, Som.

WITH A SHOVEL—WINSTON—A SHOVE, ELECTRIC.

J. J. GRAHAM, 16, St. Rowans Terrace, (Please send full address).

OUR DAILY BREAD—IMPERILLED—WHY BUTTER FOREIGNER'S?

A. GREENWOOD, 23, Crampton Street Halifax.

A JOB FOR WINSTON—IF INDUSTRY'S ONE LEFT.

Miss C. HERBERT, 2, St. Mary's Street, Tenby, Pem.

IN A GLASS CASE—SCIENCE EVENTUALLY PLACES SOUL.

R. MACMANUS, Marino Villa, Malahide Road, Dublin.

THE BETTER WAY—*Seven Under* THE EIGHT.

S. H. MANN, 1, King Street, Southwick, Sunderland.

BROTHERLY LOVE—MENTIONED—NATIONS OVERHAUL GUNS.

Miss H. TURNER, Ness Road, Lydd, Kent.

HER WEAKNESS—SINGING—NOT HER VOICE.

J. YOUART, 49, Ffordd Estyn, Garden Village, Wrexham.

A JOB FOR WINSTON—CHOOSING HIS "CRASH HELMET."

List of 100 "Bullets" Hamper winners in Competition No. 696 will be published in next week's "Everybody's Weekly."

A complete list of 100 Hampers, 250 X-mas Cakes and 500 £5/5 winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible.

The original Cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" 696 will be displayed in the window of Mr. S. Etherton, 337, Gross Lane, Seven Kings.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the 1st winners of the first three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 696 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 698.

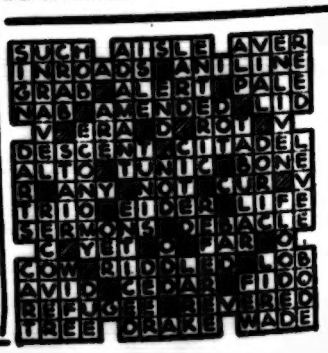
First Prize, £600—Second Prize, £5—Third Prize, £25. Ten Prizes of £5—10 Prizes of £2 10s.—100 New Year Hampers—250 New Year Cakes—500 Prizes of 2s. 6d.—10,000 "Target" Prizes.

Full list of "Examples" below:—

For Old Times' Sake—"Help! Help!"—Good Will—Old Comrades—Thanks To The Police—Taxes—Huge Profit—Down Under—Man O. Her Dreams—At The Banquet—Anxious Time—Grit—Loneliness—The Kill-joys—In The New Year—Guiding Light—No Fool—Still Survives—Grounds For Divorce—Melody Of Love—Down On The Farm—One Bright Spot—Frozen—A Dose Of Prison—Making Himself A Nuisance—I'd Like A Car, But—Amazes Everybody—Hoping—For the Miners—Like A Pantomime—Real Sport—What We Can Do.

(Closing Saturday, January 5th).

CORRECTION:—The "Example" for "Bullets" No. 698—"Why things go wrong" was wrongly printed as "When things go wrong" in last week's issue of "John Bull." Both versions, therefore, will be allowed.



Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue

This week's puzzle on page 3

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

THE BEST HOUSE IN the Kingdom for Wholesale Drapery, Bargains in stockings, Pants, Readymades, Travellers' Samples, etc. Oldest, Cheapest and Best. Write today for Catalogue and Original A.B.C. Guide, Post Free.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 2, Thomas Street, Manchester.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.—All manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in general Drapery much below ordinary prices. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Welfson's Warehouse, 42, Thomas Street, Manchester.

ADD TO YOUR INCOME BY selling Drapery and Remnants, best qualities, cheapest prices (no rubbish). List free.—Clegg, Dept. B., Turner Street, Manchester (the old firm).

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat. —H. Marks, 65, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

DRAPERY remnants for money-making. Wholesale lists free.—E. Lowndes & Son, Dept. B., Textile Clearing House, Faulkner Street, Manchester.

CHEAPEST FIRM FOR HOSIERY, Overalls, Underwear, Drapery, Beginners, etc. Cat. free. Wholesale.—S. MOSCO (Dept. J.B.S), Lower St., Piccadilly, Manchester.

REMNANTS, Drapery, etc., at lowest prices. Great bargains. Test this. Wholesale list free.—A. D. C., Dept. A., 48, George St., Manchester.

EMPLOYMENT.

"WHY NOT BE A SALESMAN? It's a healthy job—and a well-paid one, with fine prospects." That was the advice given to a man who was dissatisfied with his earnings and could see no future. The friend introduced him to Mr. Wallace Attwood, and to-day he is drawing £600 a year. Why not let Mr. Wallace Attwood train you by post in your spare time? Salesmanship is the one job in the world which will help a square peg to leave the round hole and better himself. Salesmanship is the big professional of to-day. A very interesting book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," will be sent to you post free on request. Send for your copy to-day.—The Wallace Attwood College, 2317, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7584.)

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KNITTERS wanted to work IMPERIA Knitting Machines at home; experience unnecessary. We guarantee to buy your work at good rates. —Write, IMPERIA Hosiery Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept 62), 245 Tottenham Court Rd., London.

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THE "EXCHANGE & MART" (2d. every Thursday) wants every reader of John Bull to send for FREE specimen copy. Send postcard to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., E.C.1.

WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 82, Trinity Street, Leeds.

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GRAMOPHONES, 24/-; motors, 9/-; accessories. Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list 2d. How to make Gramos.—Ingentbuk, 180, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

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LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages from 30/-, singing Canaries, 15/-. 2 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

NEXT Friday's "CAGE BIRDS" will delight you! Grand Xmas number with coloured plate and packed with attractions. 4d. (5d. from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

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HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 31, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

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BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Cash. Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash by return. —Bentley & Co., 335, Oxford Street, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

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GOOD used Tyres from £1 ea., C.O.D., approv. New Tyres for W.W. permits. Inner tubes also. London Car Co., 48, Theobald's Rd., W.C.1.

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EXCESSIVE VIRILITY. How to restore sexual equality in marriage. Read T. R. Partington in to-day's "HEALTH & STRENGTH," 2d. at newsagents; 4d. from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

YOU'VE NEVER READ such delightful "modern" and realistic stories as those in "THE BLUE MAGAZINE" for December. Long complete stories by "Valentine," Marjorie Bowen, Edmund Snell, Morley Roberts, and other brilliant authors. 1/- at all Bookstalls; 1/3 from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

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The Lot, packed free and sent on receipt of amount. Money returned in full if not fully satisfied.

2 Yorkshire Combed White Trilled Blankets, thick, warm, soft and comfortable, well finished and edged. Extra large size 60 by 78 in.

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F. Hodgson & Sons will send their Illustrated Booklet, containing hundreds of Testimonials, Photographs of Rooms, etc., Carpets and Rugs, Curtains and Blankets, Cretonnes, Linens, Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums, Oilcloths and Mantle Cloths, post free to any address in the world.

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Carter's Little Liver Pills Purely Vegetable Laxative move the bowels without pain or unpleasant after-effects. They relieve the system of constipation poisons which often cause pimples. Remember they are a doctor's prescription and can be given with confidence to every member of the family. All chemists, 1/3 and 2/- packages.

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Juanita *Fox-trot song.* " "

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JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

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WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

Kindly, but Firm.

The King, as a human being, has shown his true-blue colours during his illness. His now very venerable uncle, the Duke of Connaught, in the first days of the illness, started packing up to come home from the South of France. The King heard of it, and, ill as he was, knowing the journey might kill the aged duke, sent him a "Royal command" to stay.

Doesn't Like It.

A. G. G. has a vivid character sketch of the Prince of Wales on page 21. Marlborough House is in preparation for the Prince, but will he ever live there? After his temporary stay at Buckingham Palace, the Prince will return to York House. He does not like Marlborough House, and has never attempted to pretend that he does.

Hopeful Juniors.

Lord Byng has his hands full. Reorganising the police force isn't a bit simple. Early changes, however, will be an unprecedented number of resignations by senior officers. Prospects of quick promotion for young sergeants and constables were never so rosy.

Police Sandhurst.

A revolutionary scheme affecting the personnel of the police is being seriously considered. The idea is to have a modification of the Army system of commissioned ranks, future "officers" to go straight from school to a cadet college. There are good points in the scheme, so long as promotion from the ranks is made easy.

Prophecy.

Lord Halsbury is in the realm of prophecy when he speaks of a new gas that, dropped from aeroplanes, may exterminate everyone in London. No gas has yet been invented that is effective when dropped from any considerable height. The force of detonation destroys the efficacy of all known poison-gases.

Bad Enough.

When we state this fact, we are not decrying the efforts of Lord Halsbury in warning the country of the havoc that will be played if there is another big war. The multiplication of air fleets capable of dropping unlimited quantities of high explosive is a terrible enough menace without gas.

Brave Music.

The Liberals keep up their courage with talk of 500 candidates at the General Election, and of the resulting "avalanche." But from "L. G." downwards they know that they are flogging a dead horse. Mass meetings, National Peace Weeks, and much banging of many drums all hide something very like despair.

Watch Him.

Are the oil combines planning another ramp to curtail production and raise prices artificially? Sir John Cadman, chairman of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, has delivered a pathetic plaint against the evils of over-production to the American Petroleum Institute.

Quite Enough.

The British Government is the preponderant shareholder in the Anglo-Persian concern. It must insist that this company, at least, is no party to a price ramp to fleece the consumer, who is already burdened by Mr. Churchill's 4d. per gallon duty on his petrol.

Stupendous.

Lord Melchett, better known as Sir Alfred Mond, has something big up his sleeve. He is meditating a vast scheme to embrace the industries of the whole British Empire, and to consolidate them into a prosperous self-supporting unit. The scheme, if realised, will change the Empire more than all the politicians have done in half a century.

Jellicoe.

Earl Jellicoe has celebrated his sixty-ninth birthday. Will he now tell us his own story of Jutland? If and when he does, certain Naval reputations will suffer badly.

All Alone.

Another story Jellicoe might tell is how he managed to keep intact the largest fleet ever known for the first two years of the war, in spite of being left by the politicians "all dressed up and nowhere to go." But for the way he did his duty then, there would have been no Jutland, and perhaps no Empire.

The Member for Pentonville.

Commander Kenworthy obtained leave to bring in a Bill to abolish capital punishment by a majority of one. If the public hangman had a seat in Parliament it would have been a draw.

• • • •

TABLOID TONICS

The Queen:—*There are too many grown-up children in the present day.*

Canon Garfield H. Williams:—*Every follower of Christ must be a modernist or he is something less than Christian.*

Ramsay MacDonald:—*We have been suffering from an administration that belongs to the crinoline-sidecurls age.*

Mary Higgs:—*The young men who are unemployed do not want the "dole," but work.*

Prof. Gilbert Murray:—*A study of the science of peace is the first business of any nation.*

Signor Mussolini:—*The world requires a spring-cleaning of its diplomatic machinery.*

• • •

445 more cheques for registered readers (see page 2).

Beams of Darkness.

No ray of light pierces the beam wireless mystery. So soon as messages "by beam" grow popular, the Government has decided to hand over the whole system to private companies. Why not allow the Post Office to earn profits, which would relieve the taxpayer?

Banbury Very Cross.

Hunting people round Banbury behaved like bounders in drowning a speech against the sport by Lady Clare Annesley. Still, this kind of thing will go further towards killing blood-sports than the evils of the sports themselves. So let them bawl.

A Snub.

The Ministry of Pensions doesn't like us. Officials now decline to see our representative who calls to press claims of pensioners. He must "write in." We shall have something to say about it later, though we have a feeling that the mandarins will change their mind.

Lumber.

The Secretary of the Treasury is asked whether comic-songs, out-of-date fiction and back numbers of foreign periodicals and obsolete scientific works cannot be removed from the British Museum to make way for recent newspapers and periodicals. A most commendable idea.

The Abbey Next.

Why not have a "clean-up" in other of our great national possessions? There are certain statues lumbering up Westminster Abbey, for example, that should never have seen the light of day. And there is a certain building near the Abbey, notable for a large clock. But one thing at a time!

Wireless Battle.

Heated Conservative-Liberal-Labour conferences are going on behind the scenes, for each Party prides itself that it can steal a march on its rivals—if the B.B.C. is thrown open to them all before the General Election.

We Want It Back.

How does the log-book of H.M.S. *Victory* during Trafalgar come to be in American hands? The present owner doubtless came by it honestly, but in the first instance it must have been stolen from the nation. Were the American Government to secure this relic and hand it over to us, the gesture would not be forgotten.

J. W. H. T.

What is behind this Essex Cricket mystery? J. W. H. T. Douglas, the man who has captained the team for nearly twenty years, who has led England to victory in Test cricket, has been deposed in favour of a man of about thirty. We suspect that certain members of the team could explain things.

JOHN BULL
WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

Real Brotherhood.

It is to the credit of the Portsmouth Brotherhood that no single child in that city need lack a decent pair of boots. Already this year over a thousand pairs have been issued. It is a sterling example to other great communities and it gives us pleasure to congratulate this noble charity on its great work.

What About It?

Shop assistants don't as a rule look for their half-day off in Christmas week. Under the Shop Hours Act, in fact, they may legally be deprived of it. This year, with Christmas on a Tuesday, there is no reason why they shouldn't have a full day next week before the rush and overwork begins. Many have written to us to this effect and they make out a good case.

Mean.

A number of mineowners in County Durham have discontinued the rent allowance (tenpence a day) of those widowers who are without children. It is this sort of petty reduction in their already meagre income that adds to the bitterness of the men who work the pits—when they get the chance. Farcical economy is not the way to make the industry pay.

Listeners' Referendum?

Since B.B.C. broadcasts began, programme-building has been a dilemma, for what is one listener's meat is another's poison. A Newcastle-on-Tyne reader suggests that, attached to each licence when issued, should be a prepaid form on which listeners could state their views, so that, within a year, it would be possible to gauge the desires of the majority and cater for them. There is more than a grain of sense in what our reader says.

Both Sides.

There's nothing like hearing both sides of a story. Mr. C. W. Taylor, a JOHN BULL man, who went with the miner emigrants to Canada, writes from Saskatchewan to say that he earned good money during harvest, has got a job for the winter and is doing well. His experience of the farmers is that they are willing to teach a man anything. We're glad to know this, though we never did say that the scheme was a complete failure.

Mess Manners.

That was a sly dig by Lord Merrivale, the Divorce Court President, when he said, "there used to be *thought* some sort of sense of honour among military men." P'ossibly he had in mind that code which precluded the mention of a woman's name in an officers' mess, but left the officers free to behave like libertines in private. Manners in the new Army are changing for the better.

Crime and Circumstance.

On Christmas Day the convicts of Dartmoor will have roast beef, greens, potatoes, and half a pound of Christmas pudding for dinner. And they won't have to pay for it. Outside the prison walls, thousands who have committed the terrible "crime" of not being able to find work will practically starve. Welsh miners, if they are lucky, will have a hamper subscribed for by charity. Unemployed men who are not miners will have nothing. Makes you think, doesn't it?

Peke Propaganda.

No fewer than seventeen distinct references in the popular London dailies to the illness of Miss Tallulah Bankhead's Pekinese dog, "Napoleon," have been noticed and sent to us. Doubtless "Napoleon" is beautiful and valuable and affectionate, as, of course, is Miss Bankhead, but with unemployment, South Wales starving . . . We wonder whether Tory journals realise how many votes a day their more footling gossip-mongers present to Labour.

Bravo, Mr. Coroner!

A youth of twenty employed at Calow Main Colliery was crushed in an accident. The doctor who examined him at the pit-head attributed death to "natural causes," but a post-mortem ordered by the coroner, Dr. A. Green, revealed six ribs broken and one lung lacerated. We trust that the necessary compensation will be paid in this case, and that the pit doctor will, in future, be a little more detailed in his diagnosis.

A Delicate Hint.

Unemployment in the theatre is higher than ever before. Hundreds of actors and actresses are "resting," anxiously waiting for the work that so rarely comes. Might we suggest that Miss Hermione Baddeley, whose husband, Mr. David Tennant, already a rich man, has just come into £90,000, reconsiders her decision "to remain on the stage and take all the work she can get"? Miss Violet Loraine has shown us that an actress who has married a monied man can afford to take a long holiday without damage to her talent.

Forced Service.

Time-serving soldiers in India have a good grouse against the military authorities. Many are kept long after the expiration of their service. One soldier writes to us that his eight years with the Colours expired eight months ago, and that he is still waiting for a troopship. A job is open for him at home, but he will lose this if he waits much longer. There are twenty others in his unit who are in the same position. This is a scandalous breach of contract on the part of the War Office.

Drivers or Driven?

"Boy labour" is flooding the motor-driving market. The experienced man is more than ever neglected when a job is going. In a Sheffield paper recently an advertiser sought a youth of eighteen who was to be a good driver, who could also make himself useful, and who would work on Sundays, all for £1 a week! With experienced married drivers on the "dole," such advertisers ought to be heartily ashamed of themselves. And, incidentally, even a boy of eighteen has to live.

Merciful Decision.

One can respect magisterial consideration in such a case as that of George Tunbridge, seventy-two, of Colborne Gardens, Kensington, who was charged with begging. It was stated that the poor old man's wife had been continually ill and that he had been trying to get money for her needs. The magistrate handed him over to the court missionary for assistance. It would, however, be better if in such cases help were forthcoming without the indignity attached to standing in the dock.

Musical Ghosts.

A famous musical friend complains to us of a grievance he has against musicians called the "deputy" system. By it a man can be paid for rehearsals, and even paid extra for Sunday and after midnight rehearsals undertaken at great cost in order to get a new production ready and perfect, and then "on the night" send a deputy who has never seen the music before. In no other trade or profession would anything like such a scandal be tolerated. We agree with our friend that the system must go.

1,001 CHRISTMAS-BOXES!

Santa Claus will need some help with the 1,001 "Bullets" Christmas boxes offered on page 39. Give him a hand by carrying off that £1,500!

Windfalls.

Out of a fortune of £33,223, the late Judge Sir Edward Ridley has left his butler £200 "for long and faithful service," and a woman servant £100 "for many years' devoted service." Lots of wealthy men leave nothing at all outside the family.

Jolt for "Jix."

The Prayer-book controversy is already a secret General Election issue. Extremists on both sides are preparing to do their utmost to prevent the re-election of M.P.s who particularly annoyed them by their conduct in the Prayer-book debates. "Jix," that pillar of Evangelical intolerance, may not find matters all plain sailing at Twickenham.

A Warning.

A certain Dr. Stillo, an ingenious German, has perfected an invention by which sounds can be recorded on a steel wire. His device promises to make wax gramophone records obsolete in the immediate future. And yet small investors insist on plumping their life savings into gramophone record companies, whose prospectuses are, to put it mildly, sanguine and optimistic.

Liverpool Leads the Way.

Liverpool is very much to the fore in exploiting the menace of medicated wines. Recently a test case proved that many women, in the belief that they were taking a tonic, were imbibing a high percentage of alcohol, and last week Sir David Shackleton voiced a vigorous protest. Medicines that are more potent than beer or light wines should not be sold to innocent women.

Get a Move On!

Mr. M. J. Kelly, of Seaford, who bought his discharge from the Duke of Cornwall Light Infantry in April last, is still vainly endeavouring to obtain a final settlement of his account and the payment of money due to him, which is admitted by the regimental paymaster at Exeter. There is no excuse for a delay of over six months in so trifling a matter as this. It is pure slackness.

Quaite!

A "Lady (by birth)" advertised in a Bedford newspaper that she would be glad to hear of a family living in an old farmhouse who would be glad to take her in for 7s. 6d. a week in return for help and companionship. She had no objection, she said, to three well-behaved children (of school age essential!), and would appreciate the use of the car. Well, well. The new poor, but the same old ignorant snobbery.

Bookie's Bluff.

When pressed regarding clients' claims, N. Lawrence and Co., Ltd., bookmakers, of Empire House, Regent Street, London, N.W., declared that they were endeavouring to realise on certain American securities to enable them to meet liabilities. Months have passed since this excuse was made, but clients are still clamouring for their just dues. Others should take warning!

Test for Taffy.

A Mr. F. J. Gordon, of 22, Portsdown Road, Maida Vale, London, has been advertising for a traveller in various Welsh newspapers. We know of two applicants who were asked to send 12s. 6d. towards "advertising expenses," with the intimation that three other people were in the running and that the unsuccessful ones would get their money back. If Mr. Gordon really wants a traveller he should be prepared to pay his own advertising expenses. We trust Taffy will have more sense than to fall into this transparent trap.

Slow-motion Business.

An Accrington man was attracted by an advertisement in June last regarding the purchase of a business by instalments and subsequently paid £7 7s. to Messrs. Russell and Co., of 235, Wimbourne Road, Bournemouth, in the belief that the company would assist him. He has heard nothing for the last two months, and though he has written several letters he has been unable to obtain satisfaction. Russell and Co. certainly don't hustle!

A HOSPITAL *for* MORAL MEASLES

by The Rt. Hon. the EARL OF LYTTON, G.C.S.I.

The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Lytton, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.

As a public man, I have felt the enormous difficulty of trying to secure changes in our penal laws so long as public opinion generally believes in punitive methods.

If it is right that a man who has done wrong should be hurt in his body, that every injury demands retribution by another injury, then how useless are all the efforts of humanitarians to mitigate the harshness of penal laws and the rigours of prison life. If it is right to hurt an evildoer, it is only squeamishness to say, "Don't hurt him too much!"

If it is right to make a sinner repent his sins by discomfort in jail, then the greater the success of the prison reformers, the nearer are they approaching the day when public opinion will turn against them and say, "You have made your prisons so comfortable that you are encouraging crime by inviting men to seek their asylum."

The eighteenth century was more honest and more consistent with its robust faith in the doctrine of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and a life for a life.

Punishment is permissible for two objects. The first is, as in Nature, to teach knowledge; the second is to enforce discipline, whereby the individual is subordinate to the community.

But punishment, if resorted to at all, must always be aimed at teaching habits necessary to the well-being of a community. I do not say that punishment will always succeed; the form of punishment selected in any particular case may be well or badly suited for the attainment of its object.

Mischievous punishment

I do not say that punishment is the only way of achieving these objects; what I say is that those are the only objects which can be obtained by punishment. The one thing that can never be acquired by coercion is goodness or moral conduct.

All punishment, therefore, which aims at correcting wickedness or teaching goodness is definitely mischievous. Goodness is a condition of mind, as health is a condition of body. Moral defects of character are no more to be cured by punishment than defects of the body.

It may be necessary in the interests of the health of a community forcibly to segregate a person with an infectious disease; equally it may be necessary on the same ground to segregate persons whose moral defects are a danger to society.

But it would be just as senseless and mischievous to try and cure a man of scarlet fever by shutting him up with a number of persons suffering from measles, tuberculosis or leprosy, as it is to try and cure a man of stealing or cheating by shutting him up with other thieves and cheats.

If punishment is not admissible as a means of inculcating goodness or curing moral evil, how, you may ask, are moral standards to be maintained? What are you going to do with the naughty child, or the wicked man or woman?

Supposing I were to say to you, "What am I to do with a sick man, if I may not send him to prison?" what would your answer be? You would, of course, reply, "Send him to hospital," and my answer to the question I have put into your mouths is, "You must provide moral doctors and moral hospitals for your criminals."

I am well aware that I am using words which have no general currency, and I must, therefore, be more explicit. In England the probation officer is the nearest approach to a moral doctor, and a few institutions exist, maintained and managed by private individuals, which may be described as moral hospitals.

The work of the probation officer is well known. I should like to see his numbers and activities greatly increased. By a little skilful "doctoring" he can reform a man and prevent him from coming in contact with the degradation of the jail.

But let me tell you something of two reformatory institutions which differed from all other penal institutions in that they were free; there was no restriction upon the liberty of their inmates.

Prisons with open doors

They were prisons without walls or locks in which inmates not only remained voluntarily, but to which they returned after they had left, as old boys return to a school they have loved.

The first was a small colony in the country to which only the most hardened young hooligans, boys and girls, were sent. The children (ages from fifteen to eighteen) lived in separate cottages; the boys worked in the farm, the girls did the housework and gardening.

Each house made and enforced its own rules, and all disciplinary matters were settled by the children's court, presided over by a judge, which was elected by themselves.

There were three distinctive features of it which were responsible for its success: (1) There were no unclimbable walls to invite the adventurous to try and escape. (2) There was no individual authority which a child should show its courage by defying; there was no appreciative gang of lawbreakers to appeal to—the authority was that of the whole community. (3) There was a real economic basis to the community life corresponding to conditions outside.

The children were paid for their work with an aluminium coinage which had currency only within the community, but which was converted into coin of the realm when they left. Every child was provided with food and clothes on arrival, and therefore began in debt to the community. This debt was paid back from his earnings as soon as he began to work.

Building up new lives

By making their own rules and enforcing them by penalties of their own devising, they learnt to respect law, which till now they had spent their lives in defying; from being on the side of the criminal they became on the side of the policeman.

They learnt the obligations and limitations of freedom and to understand the foundations of all civilised society. Every one of these young hooligans went back into the world not merely cured, but strong advocates of obedience.

The other institution was a home for inebriate women, to which only those who had become habitual drunkards were sent, generally for three years. Here, also, there were no bolts and bars, and the inmates lived in separate cottages in the country.

On arrival they were first treated in hospital and weaned from the dependence on stimulants to which they had become habituated. Cured thus in body, they were sick unto death in mind. They were, perhaps, the most wretched beings on earth and as near suicide as it is possible to be and live.

Then began the process of building up new lives, establishing new ideals, acquiring new motives for which to live. The means used for this purpose were very simple, but very effective.

These women had to be taught to forget themselves, and to feel that they were necessary to someone else. So, first, they were set to look after gardens and poultry and farmyard animals, till they realised that both flowers and animals looked to them for their welfare.

But the most potent influence in their regeneration was the nursery—a cottage full of children supplied by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, most of them rescued from drunken homes and many of them injured by drunken parents.

Wonderful tribute

The women were given charge of these children, and they thus found themselves in the company of those who knew no evil, who called them "the ladies," who never reproached them, but who loved them and were dependent on them.

In such company these poor women, who in ordinary reformatories or prisons would have been regarded as hopeless and incurable, were gradually won back to a condition of mind and body which made them long passionately to get back to their own children and make amends.

Now, in prisons and ordinary reformatories the inebriate woman is regarded as hopeless and incurable, but 80 per cent. of those who passed through this institution were known to be leading entirely temperate lives.

The most eloquent tribute to its influence was provided by a young servant girl, who six months after she had left the home returned with her mistress and told this story to the lady in charge:

"Soon after I entered service I saw that my mistress was going the way I had been—there was no concealing the symptoms from me. So I told her what you had done for me, and now we have come together to ask you to do the same for her!"

Space does not permit me to say more. I hope I have said enough to indicate what I mean when I speak of a moral hospital as opposed to a jail.

BIG COMPANY: *Startling Disclosures*

A V.C. Leads Forlorn Hope

SOME time ago there came into existence a company called Bolivia Concessions, Ltd. It was heralded with a fine fanfare of trumpets and an extravagance of publicity that soared to absurd heights.

Its nominal capital is £315,000, and, with aims and objects that were almost unparalleled, it raised not less than £207,000 from investors in a remarkably short space of time.

To-day, after waiting for over two years, the shareholders are anxiously wondering how matters stand, for the handsome profits which were keenly anticipated are to-day very far from actual realisation.

The company's literature upon which investors had based their hopes told a glowing story of mighty concessions that had been granted to the company by the Bolivian Government.

The company, it was claimed, had the exclusive right to develop 50,000,000 acres of virgin territory and forest land, containing wealth beyond the dreams of avarice.

Happy pioneers

There was gold, tin, copper, oil and rubber in rich abundance; great facilities for the production of cotton, coffee, cocoa and for stockbreeding; while colonisation was also a great feature of the company's scheme.

To emphasise the attractiveness of the proposition, a nicely coloured map was enclosed with the prospectus, which marked off the various sections of this mighty expanse of territory to show where the rich resources were situated.

After a reception at the House of Commons, a happy band of pioneers set sail in the summer of 1926 to "find a new El Dorado" and to "establish a new British Settlement" in the land-locked wilds of far-off Bolivia.

These pioneers, we were told, departed "in the first ship ever to fly the Bolivian flag, which would break the colours at the French port of Dunkirk."

It was all very sensational and impressive; but what of the subsequent history? What gold and copper and rich oils have been produced? And how have the settlers fared in this land of milk and honey?

The only answer is that disappointment has been heaped on disappointment.

Blighted hopes

So badly have these pioneers fared that, after two years of cruel hardships and suffering, some of them have returned to England, sick at heart, with their savings gone, their hopes blighted, and with only the bitterest memories of life in the devastating wilds of Bolivia.

A mere handful amongst the natives, the pioneers endured all kinds of privation. They lived, surrounded by mud and filth, in crudely built shacks, more like cattle than human beings.

It is not surprising that health suffered. The ravages of fever constituted a constant menace, and medicine was difficult to obtain, the nearest port being many miles away.

The picture, in short, contrasted sadly with that painted by preposterous publicity at the outset, publicity that at one time succeeded in sending the temporary "value" of £1 shares up to nearly £2.

The life of Bolivia Concessions, Limited, has been one long story of disaster.

Although the concessions obtained undoubtedly possessed great potential

Senor Don Carlos Victor Aramayo, Bolivian Minister in London

value, it was foolhardy in the extreme to imagine that such a colossal undertaking could be attempted on a capital of £200,000.

Gigantic tasks

For the Bolivian Government imposed heavy commitments when granting the concessions, and the giant tasks which first faced the company included the building of railways and the construction of sawmills and factories.

Then it had to establish ports to ensure communication with the outer world, and there were a dozen other essential duties of gigantic scope, entailing the expenditure of immense sums of money.

Those familiar with conditions in South America knew at the beginning that the company's capital could not go far, and they were not surprised when subsidiary companies were recently formed with a view to finding further capital.

The experts, likewise, placed no faith in the rosy anticipation of quick profits. They contended that, even if all went well, it would be a quarter of a century at least before such a venture could possibly show any return.

On the other hand, had the colonisation and development undertaken by Bolivian Concessions, Ltd., been of a simple character, surely the Bolivian Government would have tackled the job itself?

If the possibilities were as great as had been anticipated, it would certainly not have handed over the territory in question to a British company.

In connection with the return of the disappointed settlers, and to a very adverse report made by Colonel Sherwood Kelly, V.C., D.S.O., who followed the settlers out to Bolivia in an administrative capacity, the company seems to have made a feeble retort.

The colonel not only found the settlers being pressed by local creditors for debt, but was actually arrested for debt himself.

Brutal retort

The company's retort is that the original party of settlers was unsuitable for work in the primitive conditions existent there, and that "hardy men, with the energy to develop so extensive and rich a territory, were needed."

As the men in question were all ex-officers, this explanation is hardly satisfying. In any case, who selected the men for the job and advised them that they were going to tackle a great task that would not only bring them prosperity, but would bring dignity and *prestige* to the British Empire?

Who, too, was responsible for the statement, made when these men sailed from home, that "they were just the class of tough, enterprising pioneers the company desired to obtain"?

What, then, is the company's position to-day? Although it was formed as far back as March, 1926, it only recently thought fit to comply with the requirements of the Companies Act by rendering essential returns that were long overdue!

Inadequate records

Its first report, filed not long ago, contained only particulars of finances up to June, 1927. Yet this report showed "available cash, £36,000" and "Creditors, £16,000," so that eighteen months ago the bulk of the capital had been expended.

Even then, the auditors complained that the records produced to them relating to many South American transactions were quite inadequate, and figures in the returns should, therefore, only be taken as "estimates."

Thus, after nearly three years, the company's developments in Bolivia are only quite primitive, and, far from bringing *prestige* and dignity to the British Empire, have succeeded only in bringing upon it some measure of disgrace.

The Loft of Death

Callous Corporation

PERHAPS the Newcastle Corporation will forgive us if we draw its attention to a little matter of life and death right in the heart of its great city.

There died within the last few weeks two children who ought, at this moment, to be romping with their playmates. The circumstances which led to their passing constitute a shocking case of official blundering.

They were two of a family of eleven. Their father, Thomas Batey, was an unemployed labourer. The whole eleven lived in a loft over a stable in Percy Street, a dwelling totally unfit for human habitation.

What a home!

The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children did all that was humanly possible to induce the family to vacate their abode. For two years Inspector J. E. White laboured at the task.

Once he induced them all to go to the Poor Law institution, but they would not stay there and returned to the loft.

Who was responsible for permitting this return? If the Guardians could not detain them, then the Corporation surely should have acted.

Inspector White had long ago brought the loft to the notice of the sanitary authorities, but they had not acted in the matter.

It was said that the second child to die, upon whom an inquest was held recently, died from dysentery, "which might or might not have been accentuated by its surroundings." We feel that there is not much question of "might."

The "surroundings" were the loft, which measured 14 ft. long by 6 ft. wide, by 7 ft. high. It is situated over a stable which, we should think, might very well exceed the room above in the way of amenities!

There was a foul smell about the place. The sink was choked with rubbish. The floor was a veritable dust-heap. There was next to no furniture, and what few sticks were there were old, filthy and unreliable.

Two cats and a tortoise added their quota of dirt to the disgraceful abode.

Plain duty

At one time the family slept on the floor, but later a single bedstead was added. When the father was in work he received 35s. weekly. Out of work he receives 30s. weekly from the guardians. He pays 5s. 6d. a week rent.

All of the children are tubercular or otherwise physically affected by the life they have led.

The coroner was told at the inquest that the father was lazy. That is no excuse why his family should be brought up in all this filth.

Two deaths are enough—two too many. We look to the Corporation and the Guardians of Newcastle to see that the remainder of the younger ones are properly cared for.

JEALOUS LOVER
Astounding Story
The Blood-stained Motor-Cycle

AFTER suffering untold agony, and sustaining the loss of a hand, Miss Kathleen Norman, of Bridgwater, Somerset, has been left with no redress, while the man responsible for her plight has escaped so lightly that many people will doubtless be appalled.

He is William Shute, a footman, employed at Lord Clinton's seat at Bicton, where he recently made the acquaintance of Miss Norman.

When the girl did not favour the advances he made towards her, Shute did not reveal himself in a very gentlemanly light.

He persisted in forcing his unwelcome attentions upon her, and one morning actually called at the house where she was employed.

Alarming visit

A very brief interview took place, at which Miss Norman curtly informed Shute that she did not wish to have anything more to do with him; but a little later in the day, Shute called at the house again.

This time the girl declared that she would not see him, whereupon he forced his way into the house and dashed up the stairs.

At a loss to know what to do to avoid him, Miss Norman locked herself in a room, and when Shute hammered persistently upon the door, she had to threaten to throw herself out of the window before he could be prevailed upon to go away.

A few days later, when Miss Norman was on her way to keep an appointment with another man, she noticed Shute standing in the hedge with his motor-cycle.

There was a stormy interview between the three, after which Shute walked away to where he had left his motor-cycle, while Miss Norman and her comrade proceeded in the other direction.

Handicapped for life

Then, starting up his engine, Shute rode after the couple, who, by this time, were 450 yards ahead.

A few minutes later Miss Norman had been run down and was lying in great agony with her right hand entangled in the chain and driving-gear of Shute's machine.

A military officer who was attracted to the scene by the injured girl's screams, declares that he found blood spurting from a severed artery, and that efforts to release her failed.

He stopped the bleeding as best he could, but it was necessary to wait for the arrival of an A.A. scout before tools could be obtained in order to release her.

By the time medical assistance could be procured the hand was found to be quite dead, and all the fingers had to be amputated.

When questioned concerning his conduct in running down the girl in this terrible fashion, Shute had no reasonable excuse to offer.

He gave first one "explanation," then another, and then another. Apparently his chief contention was that he was "dazed."

His foolhardy conduct brought him into court at the Exmouth Sessions, the other day, when he was charged with causing bodily harm to Miss Norman.

In dealing with his assertion that he was "dazed" and had "come over faint," the solicitor who prosecuted pointed out that Shute had strolled back 200 yards to get his machine, and had actually had to cover 450 yards before overtaking Miss Norman and her companion.

This being so, his act could hardly be looked upon as a spontaneous one, and though Shute was doubtless in a perturbed state of mind, there can be no possible justification for his conduct.

But what was the punishment meted out to this man, whose folly has brought so much suffering to the girl for whom he professed to have a great affection?

Asking for trouble

Miss Norman, apart from the physical agony she has passed through, has now lost her right hand, it should be remembered, and if ever anyone merited smart punishment Shute certainly did.

But, preposterous as it must seem to every right-minded person, he has escaped with a paltry fine of £5.

A five-pound fine for causing bodily harm to a young girl, whose only offence was that she had repulsed his advances!

Mr. Philip Rowell, Chairman of the Exmouth Bench

We wish the authorities had taken a less indulgent view of the case, for we fail to see why Shute should be regarded as deserving of any indulgence.

It has been shown that he deliberately invited trouble by loitering in that particular spot prior to the tragedy.

He had already behaved badly in pestering the girl with his attentions after it had been made quite clear to him that they were unwelcome.

Had he taken the tip and kept away, as he should have done, he might have an easier conscience now.

For we feel that he must realise how shockingly he has behaved, and how terribly handicapped Miss Norman must be for the remainder of her life as a result of his foolhardy action.

ODD MR. DODS
A Ticklish Textile Puzzle
Making Competitors Purr

A WOLVERHAMPTON reader recently entered a competition in which £300 was offered in prize-money by the Sterling Textiles, Ltd., of 59-60, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

In due course he was gratified to receive a letter from the "Contest Manager," a Mr. L. M. Dods, informing him that the primary judges had awarded him the highest number of points for accuracy.

"Considering the numbers of incorrect and partly correct answers sent in," wrote Mr. Dods, "you are indeed to be congratulated."

Enticing postscript

A voucher was enclosed showing that our reader had gained 4,500 points out of a possible 5,000, and he was now told that he could secure 470 further points by ordering goods from Sterling Textiles, Ltd., to the value of £1.

A catalogue and order-form were provided, with the intimation that when the latter was filled in the entry would be ready to go before the final judges, who would award thirty points for neatness.

"I don't see," wrote Mr. Dods in a postscript, "why you shouldn't earn that extra £10 offered to the first correct contestant who qualifies by December 1."

All-round congratulations

A gentleman who called at the concern's office on December 4 was informed that three £10 cheques had been despatched that day to the first contestants to qualify, which seems a little hard on a Northumberland reader who was advised by Mr. Dods that the qualifying date was December 10!

As regards the actual closing date of the competition, it seems that this has been extended until January 19, 1929.

But, somehow, we do not feel that this extension of time limit will improve anybody's chances, and we do not advise our Wolverhampton reader to cherish any fond hopes that he will be the prize-winner.

For we happen to know that people in all parts of the country have been written to in precisely similar terms!

Queries have reached us from Croydon, Blackburn, Spilsby, Pendleton, Burslem, Lenton Sands, Monkgate, Ashington, Barrowfield, Swansea, Burnley, Barnsley, Walthamstow, Stoke-on-Trent, Hanley, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Letterston, Pembrokeshire, Preston, Doncaster, Longton, Holloway, and many other places in every quarter of Britain.

And, strange to tell, each one has been congratulated! Each one has been awarded 4,500 points! Each one has been urged to send £1 to qualify for a further 470 points! Each one has been told that neatness will win the crowning thirty points!

If any have been misled by the fact that their voucher allotting them 4,500 points has been filled in in red ink and initialled personally by the primary judges, we urge them to make a closer inspection. They will then see that the facsimile characters are printed!

Twopound company

We do not know how many of these vouchers have been distributed, but from the large numbers that have come into our hands it is safe to assume that the competitors who are running neck-and-neck in this contest must be legion!

And what of Sterling Textiles, Ltd.?

It was registered only on November 29 last, with a nominal capital of £100, of which only £2 has actually been paid up.

At the time of writing there is no return of directors recorded at Somerset House, though the notepaper bears the names of M. R. Bloom, I. M. Ellenson and L. T. Colne.

Puzzling problem

Its registered objects are "to carry on the business of merchant exporters and importers manufacturers, wholesale and retail dealers in textile fabrics, and to carry on the business of advertising contractors."

How a newly born company with £2 in paid-up capital can accomplish all this, and how it can guarantee £300 in prizes, with special awards for "everyone who does not win a prize," is a problem which all contestants should consider before parting with their money.

A SKELETON IN A WARDROBE

Morton's Clothes Hook

THE following announcement recently appeared in the "Situations Vacant" column of a well-known West of England newspaper:

Wanted: Youth, drive Ford car, assist theatrical luggage; must travel; smart appearance.

A reader living in Larkhall Place, Bath, applied for the position and received a communication on note-paper that suggested that the advertiser was a very important personage in the theatrical world.

The letter was headed "J. F. Morton's Repertory Players" in heavy black type, and bore many reassuring statements.

"Strong cast of well-known artistes," the job-seeker read. "Recognised theatres only entertained for long or short periods. Excellent wardrobe. Artistic scenery."

The writer was Mr. J. F. Morton himself, and he opened his epistle by stating that he could offer the applicant a long tour with the above company and that he could start as soon as desired.

Walking-on parts

Apart from assisting with the luggage and driving a car, the successful applicant would be called upon to play small walking-on parts, and also "to speak a few lines consisting of about 100 words."

The commencing salary was said to be £3 a week, plus all travelling expenses.

In addition to the generous terms offered above, Mr. Morton promised that all the stage wardrobe would be furnished free with the exception of one item.

This, he stated, "consists of a light grey evening-dress lounge suit with black silk facings on collar and cuffs. This I would require you to provide and have with you."

He then went on to say that while any tailor would make up such a suit at a reasonable price, his own wardrobe mistress could execute the order if desired.

In the latter event, it would be necessary for the applicant to send his measurements and £1 for the material.

Thoughtful consideration

Even this did not prove the limit of Mr. Morton's thoughtful consideration.

As it would be necessary for the applicant to join the company at Liverpool, Mr. Morton urged him to reply at once if he agreed to take the job, whereupon his fare would be arranged for him so that he could get his free ticket by applying to the station-master at Bath.

Mr. Morton enclosed a further message, as if in a hurried afterthought, to say that the wardrobe mistress had informed him that as she was exceptionally busy, the applicant had better wire his measurements and remittance by return if he desired her to make his suit.

Very obligingly Mr. Morton actually enclosed a telegraph form, addressed to himself, and, allowing spaces for the applicant's use, he anticipated the other's consent by filling it in as follows: "Height ——; chest ——; waist ——; sleeve ——; inside leg ——."

All the applicant had to do, therefore, was to fill in his measurements and forward the £1.

We do not know how many people actually sent money to Mr. Morton in this way, but it is a little curious that his address at the time he was carrying out these important negotiations was "G.P.O., Wednesbury, Staffs."

Although he did not choose to commit himself more definitely at that moment, he was quite communicative about his future movements, and gave two addresses in Liverpool for the following week.

Mr. Louis Casson, Secretary of the Association of Touring Managers

One was c/o 41, Greek Street, Liverpool, while the other was the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, where, according to his story, his Repertory Players were due to open on the following Monday.

Two shocks

Our Bath reader, however, although on the point of wiring the cash to Wednesbury as requested, was wise enough to telephone to the Theatre Royal at Liverpool to make certain that everything was in order.

Shock No. 1 came when the telephone operator reported that the Theatre Royal was not on the telephone. It did not, in fact, exist.

Shock No. 2 came when the applicant wrote to Mr. Morton at 41, Greek Street, Liverpool, to ask for his explanation of this mystery, and received his epistle back through the Dead Letter Office with the information that there was no "41," while the name of "Morton" was unknown.

Enquiries we have made in leading London theatrical circles elicit the fact that no manager is registered under the name of J. F. Morton, while his "Repertory Players" would appear to be figments of his own imagination.

At the same time, it must be admitted that his trick of inviting a job-seeker to wire cash "by return" to him c/o a post-office is a most ingenious one. If he tries it again after this exposure we urge anyone who hears of it to communicate at once with the police.

THE DAYLIGHT SIGN ROBBER

Bright Spark's Electrical Ramp

CHARLES RAYMOND is an individual who believes in taking care of the pence, shillings *and* pounds! And it is always other people's money that attracts him!

Just at the moment he is making a very profitable tour of the country, and he works so swiftly and so successfully that the pence, shillings and pounds that he acquires on the way mount up to form a very comfortable income.

Pompous visit

A few weeks ago he wandered pompously into a shop at Clapham, and, in his usual quick-fire manner, suggested that there was an ideal space above the doorway for the installation of an electric sign.

He announced that he was a representative of the Solanite Sign Company—a reputable electrical concern, which has offices in the Strand—and any doubt as to his *bona fides* was instantly dispelled when he produced a sheaf of literature bearing the company's name.

His firm, he declared, could supply a suitable sign immediately, and one would be despatched upon payment of a cash deposit.

Such a sign, Mr. Raymond continued, would not only attract custom, but would almost certainly arouse the interest of other traders.

Then, if the Clapham shopkeeper cared to book up orders on behalf of the sign company, he could earn handsome commission for himself and build up a nice little agency business as a side-line.

This dual inducement impressed the shopkeeper, and he agreed to pay the necessary deposit on the spot. In departing, the genial Mr. Raymond promised that the sign would be delivered at his shop within the next few days.

As a matter of fact, weeks passed and this promise was not fulfilled, and when the shopkeeper communicated with the company in question he was staggered to learn that Raymond had no authority to represent it at all, but was fraudulently misusing its good name and obtaining divers sums of money by false pretences.

When the Clapham dupe consulted the police, the only consolation he received was to learn that several other local traders had been similarly tricked by Raymond in the course of a lightning tour.

Untiring worker

From enquiries we have ourselves made, it is clear that Raymond is an untiring "worker," for scores of people have been swindled by him, while the places he has visited recently, with profitable results, include North Kensington, South London, Wembley, Harlesden, King's Cross, Edmonton, Acton, Windsor, Hayes and Watford.

The Solanite Sign Company is very naturally highly indignant at the shameful manner in which this quick-fire rogue has repeatedly misused its good name.

The manner in which he obtained the printed matter that he uses to such base ends is typical of his audacity.

Giving the name of "W. Burton," he actually visited the firm one day, and, singing his own praises very loudly, begged to be taken on as a permanent member of its staff in the capacity of canvasser.

He claimed to have had considerable business experience, but could produce nothing tangible in support of his self-recommendation.

His proposal was promptly turned down, whereupon, assuming a forlorn expression, he asked to be given a chance to show his mettle.

Ingenious fraud

He was getting on for fifty, he lamented, and things were none too flourishing.

Would the firm allow him to take some of its literature away with him so that, in the event of his being able to pick up a few orders, payment could be paid to him on results?

From sheer kindliness the firm agreed to this suggestion, and, having thus acquired a supply of its circulars, Mr. "Burton" at once embarked upon his illicit campaign of collecting "deposits" on orders he never bothered to pass on!

Since then he has operated in a variety of aliases, and tours on a motor-cycle and sometimes in a car.

Our readers will not, perhaps, be surprised to learn that this ingenious but despicable fraud does not represent this many-named rascal's first lapse.

The truth is that he has been in the hands of the police on many occasions in the past for various unscrupulous practices.

Warning exposure

He is nothing if not versatile. He has, for instance, passed cheques by fraud in various parts of the country; has obtained goods by false pretences in a number of instances, and, amongst many other exploits, has swindled various advertisers through the medium of bogus announcements in the Press.

He has served several terms of imprisonment, and that he has always had a weakness for touring is shown by the fact that sentences have been passed upon him at police-courts up and down the country.

This exposure of his present swindling operations should make it practically impossible for him to secure further dupes, and anyone who may be approached by him should not hesitate to communicate with the police

AGED MAN'S PITIFUL END

Workhouse Death Cell Secrets

WE pride ourselves that we live in a progressive age and that the evils of which our grandfathers complained are fast disappearing. In some measure we are justified, perhaps, but there are some evils which, unhappily, endure.

Take workhouse woes. Charles Dickens wielded a powerful pen in exposing the tyranny and oppression to which unhappy paupers were subjected in his day.

But how many people who raise their hands in horror as they read his words to-day realise that glaring evils still exist?

William Harvey, a labourer, aged sixty-two, has just died in the Lewes Guardians' institution at Chailey. The circumstances of his death should make every decent person shudder.

Harvey was what is known as a "casual"—that is to say, he was a penniless wanderer who had sought temporary succour at the institution in question.

Night terror

There is a saying that beggars cannot be choosers, and Harvey, certainly, was not given very much choice in the matter. He and another "casual" were allotted a small cell and the door was bolted upon them.

There were no beds, but, having blankets, the two men settled down on the bare floor and made the best of things. Their cell was not heated in any way.

In the early hours of the morning Harvey suddenly became ill, and, realising that the old man was suffering intensely, his companion rang the bell.

He rang in vain. No one came near the cell, so he tried to attract attention by hammering upon the door. Meanwhile, Harvey was groaning piteously, so his companion redoubled his efforts and succeeded in breaking open the door.

Coroner's comment

Then, and only then, a workhouse official appeared upon the scene. But nothing could now be done, for Harvey had expired.

At the subsequent inquest, a doctor, called to give evidence, expressed the emphatic opinion that the sanitary arrangement in the cells was bad.

The coroner, Dr. E. F. Hoare, had no hesitation in saying that the accommodation was inadequate, even for men in ordinary health.

He added that he did not like the idea of the men being locked in the cells at night, and, after commenting upon the fact that they had to sleep on the floor, observed that *police cells in the county were infinitely better.*

Finally, he denounced the conditions at Chailey as "very mediæval."

That this "cell" problem is by no means confined to Chailey is clear from a discussion which took place only a month or two ago at a meeting of the Eton Board of Guardians.

Mr. Walter Ablett, the workhouse master, deplored the fact that, owing to lack of accommodation, he often had to put two men in one cell for the night—a most undesirable practice, both on medical and other grounds.

The need for local economy is often the cause of additional hardship imposed upon the flotsam and jetsam of humanity who have to resort to workhouse casual wards.

Only a short time ago, for instance, the Horncastle Board of Guardians decided to reduce the number of blankets given to each man for his "bed," in the hope that it would act as a deterrent and keep "casuals" away!

Workhouse inmates, in their enforced environment, must not complain, no matter how bitterly they may resent the treatment they receive.

Tyranny and oppression

Recently an old man named Wilder complained to the East Hampstead Board of Guardians on the treatment meted out to him at the local institution.

His allegations were held to be unfounded, and he was given a diet of bread and water for a week, deprived of tobacco for six months and deprived of all leave for a year!

A few weeks ago, when a sixty-one-year-old wayfarer named Miller was charged at Kingston with breaking a window in the local workhouse he said that he had done it as a protest.

He then told the court that when he entered the casual ward on the previous night the officials had taken his last penny.

"I am not criminally disposed," he said, "but a man cannot be expected to respect a system which practises such meanness."

The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, M.P., Minister of Health, whose attention we direct to the evils here exposed

After an attendant from the institution had told the Bench that money was given back to casuals only at the discretion of the master, Miller was sentenced to one day's imprisonment, which meant his immediate release.

Inmates of workhouses are constantly being given work that is far too hard for them.

Not long ago, a poor, aged man named Bourne dropped down dead in a Newark street. An enquiry elicited the fact that Bourne, an inmate of the local workhouse, died while carrying a suit-case to the station for the master.

The official finding was that the latter had committed "an error of judgment" in giving the poor old man such a heavy case to carry.

So, from all aspects, the workhouse system still savours of tyranny and oppression, which are the last things one would hope to find associated with institutions especially established to render succour and protection to the under-dog.

A TRIUMPHANT TRIO

What "Bullet" Winners Think

"ONLY another silly circular, I suppose," said the wife, as she tossed an envelope across the breakfast-table.

It contained the simple announcement that Mr. Percy J. Cooper, of 8, Milnthorpe Road, Chiswick, W., was to be paid the sum of £200 for the "Bullet"—Man on the Dole—His Pride "In Ribbons."

Mr. Percy J. Cooper

A disabled ex-officer himself, it was Mr. Cooper's first-hand knowledge of post-war difficulties of the ex-Service man that prompted him to crystallise his views into such a telling "Bullet."

"Give 'Bullets' a fair chance," was his recommendation to those who are launching out with "Bullets" for the Christmas £1,500. "I used to be one of the doubters myself, but now . . ."

Your chance now!

Mr. Edwin T. Keates, of 31, Lynford Gardens, Goodmayes, has just received £300 for submitting the "Bullet"—"You're Sacked!"—Freedom Wage "Slave" Dreads.

From Mr. T. S. Caw, of Dooncree, S. Biggar Road, Airdrie, N.B., comes another letter:

"My wife and I bought a little cottage with the £600 prize we won in Competition No. 672, and went for a tour in Canada and America."

Returning to their new home, these competition partners invested more time in "Bullets," and last week drew another dividend of £25 for the "Bullet," Ought To Be Illegal—Headlights Becoming "Death Rays."

You can cap the successes of this triumphant trio this week, for we offer £1,500 and 1,000 Special Christmas-boxes on page 39.

CAN YOU FRY AN OYSTER?

Plausible Parker's Punk

PEOPLE living in districts as far apart as Woking and Wrexham have recently been favoured with vivid yellow circulars from F. Parker and Co., of 28, Queen Street, Belfast.

This firm, self-described as "publishers," is anxious to appoint one person in each district for "commercial bureau work."

Part-time workers, it is declared, should "easily be able to earn from £1 to £2 weekly," and there is "not the slightest element of risk."

Strange secrets

With this last statement we beg to differ, for applicants are asked to send 2s. for "full copyright instructions."

It seems to us that they stand a very big risk of being sadly disappointed with what they get for their money!

For the so-called copyright instructions take the form of a slim volume entitled "Mail Order Ideas and Money-Making Plans."

One money-making "secret" consists of a formula for an "eruption ointment for frosted feet," consisting of two ingredients—chrome yellow and hog's lard. You will have to guess the proportions, because the book omits to give them!

The best advice

Under the heading "Tattooing," we learn that supplying books and articles required by the tattooist is a suitable local business and that mail-order specialists are also doing "remarkably well" in this line.

Amongst other secrets divulged in this paltry booklet we find a section devoted to "substitutes and imitations."

So, if you think your road to wealth lies in knowing how to make "artificial fried oysters," imitation milk, or how to double a pound of butter by adding a special "churning compound," F. Parker and Co. will furnish particulars for a further shilling.

The best advice we can give to those who are out to make money is: Give F. Parker and Co. a wide berth!

Dear Santa Claus
please send Father
Bandmasters cos We Want

MONEY FOR COUPONS!

Yours Truly

BANDMASTERS STRIKE A NEW NOTE BY OFFERING YOU *CASH* IN EXCHANGE FOR COUPONS CONTAINED IN EACH PACKET OF BANDMASTER CIGARETTES!!

Only the finest Pure Virginia Tobacco is used in the manufacture of Bandmaster Cigarettes.

A CAPITAL SMOKE THAT PAYS A HANDSOME DIVIDEND!

By saving the coupons from Bandmaster Cigarettes—and it's wonderful the way they add up day by day—you are really saving *money!* Because every coupon is worth a certain amount in *actual cash!* When you've got the right number saved up, send them to the makers of Bandmasters, and in return you get *the goods*—the good old stuff straight from the mint—Oof! Spondulix! commonly known as MONEY! If you care to work it out you'll find that Bandmasters pay you over 6% clear profit for nix!!

AND MONEY FOR NOTHING IS MONEY WORTH HAVING!

And when the Bandmaster says "*YOU DO NOTHING*"—he says exactly what he means. No entry forms to fill in, no guessing or puzzling, just *ENJOY YOURSELF AND GET PAID FOR IT.* And you can't help enjoying yourself when you smoke Bandmasters. They are *real* cigarettes. No doubt about it. And at any price they'd be hard to beat. Buy a packet straight away, and have a really good smoke.

BANDMASTERS ARE 100% GOOD! You'll like them. Try them to-day. *And save the cash coupons..*

AND DON'T LOSE THE COUPON. IT'S WORTH MONEY!!

Bandmasters are made by a firm who know what's what. For years they've been making cigarettes. They know all about it, from A to Z. So, when you light up your first Bandmaster, you know you're going to get a *smoke*—not just a whiff and a puff, but a *real he-man smoke!*

BANDMASTER

Cigarettes—Straight Cut Virginia

4d for 10

for 8d 20

DON'T LOSE THIS

IT MEANS MONEY

The 1/3 Williams Holder Top Shaving Stick—A gift men appreciate .....

. . . because it is as useful as it is smart. For inside its highly-polished metal case there is a full-sized stick of the famous Williams Shaving Soap mounted in that clever "Holder-Top."

Men like Williams Shaving Soap for the smooth, luxurious shave it gives: and the case itself keeps the shaving stick always fresh and free from dust.

The 10D. Williams Shaving Stick can be used as a reload!

Williams
SHAVING STICK

Men like the smooth, soothing shave it gives

Mrs. CECIL CHESTERTON tells a moving story of midnight visits to

CELLAR BEDROOMS *of* LONDON

"There is a tragic difference between the open street and even a subterranean refuge, rat-ridden, with weeping walls . . . with rain dripping through the grating"

Mrs. Cecil Chesterton

THERE is springing up in London, under our very feet, a city of cellars. Below the level of the street, deep in the earth, hundreds of families live by day and sleep by night in dark, ill-ventilated places.

Certain areas, notably in Westminster, are so densely overcrowded that for this cellar accommodation comparatively high rent is paid.

Every back alley in the slum yard is filled to overflowing; men and women are compelled to burrow underground for shelter.

What life means in these conditions I have found out for myself. I shall tell of my experiences later. There is, however, another and even more dreadful side to this subterranean city.

We have not only a permanent cellar population, but a drifting stream of cellar casuals, who night after night huddle together in the basements of old houses long given over to neglect.

Modern houses do not afford this kind of shelter. It is only in the older parts of London that cellars are found. Between Holborn and the Strand you will find many such places, where derelicts gather in almost stealthy secrecy.

Forbidding bedroom

It was a bitterly cold and rainy evening when I set out. There were few people to be seen in the back alleys running from Holborn through Long Acre. Everyone who had a home, or the pence to pay for a lodging, had cleared off.

In a doorway in Hallam Street I nearly fell over a bundle of rags. It startled me to find that they covered a human figure, an old, old woman in garments past description. She peered up with curiously bright eyes and moved to make room for me.

We chatted for a little, keeping a shrewd look-out for the approach of a policeman. Not, she explained, that the police would trouble very much so long as we were not asleep!

It was yet too early to seek quarters for the night. Later, she explained, she knew of a comfortable place quite close. She was very old and her hands could hardly hold the fragments of white heather from which she made a living, if living it can be called.

She showed me later where she was going to sleep. Through an open doorway you glimpsed a narrow passage, cavernous and dark. She crept in very softly and I followed on tip-toe.

At the end of the passage was a flight of stone steps. We went down and she led me to a large, cold storage place which in the old days of prosperity—way back in the reign of Queen Anne—might have been used to keep wine.

The air struck very chill, but it was dry. The patter of the rain sounded disconsolately on the pavement up above. Gradually I grew used to the darkness: I could see a bundle of papers in the corner with some bits of rag.

Kindly poor

That was the old lady's bed, and she made her way to it with a grunt of satisfaction. She even asked if I would share it.

I could not answer. The desolation, the degradation of the spot had got me by the throat. I mumbled something and made my way back up the stairs along the passage up into the street.

It was a lodging-house, as I afterwards discovered, let out in rooms, where families—husband, wife and children—are herded together.

There is an unwritten law among these kindly people that the way to the cellar shall be left open, and unless complaints are made the outer door remains open.

And all through the night the flotsam and jetsam of the streets, who have passed below the level of admission to the cheapest lodging-house, creep in.

There used to be, as I discovered, many more subterranean sleeping-rooms, but gradually the encroachment of Covent Garden Market on the side streets has swept some of these away.

Noisome companions

But so insistent is the hunger for shelter at night, so dreadful is the feeling that there is no roof over one's head, that where one hole has been stopped another has been made.

There is a street off Holborn which used to be a fashionable locality. Queen Anne houses with panelled walls still exist. Some of these have ample cellerage.

I found shelter that night in a ghastly place. A house let out in lodgings as the other, over three hundred years old, you reach the cellar through the front hall. A door opens so abruptly on a short flight of stone steps that I very nearly broke my neck.

There were three other derelicts before me. The walls teemed with damp; great patches of mildew sent shudders up my spine. It was an evil-smelling atmosphere and a suspicious scuttering in the darkness suggested rats.

Rats there are in plenty in this cellar—large, hairy, noisome things—so incredibly hungry that I wondered how anybody could endure to sleep with them.

Two women were there and an old man. He had lit a bit of candle and was smoking a foul-smelling pipe.

One of the women had a bit of bread and cheese. She offered me some, with that incredible generosity of the dispossessed.

Here there were no papers and no rags. We squatted down on the ground—earth and bricks—leaning up against the mildewed walls. The cellar is a huge place, stretching, as it seemed to me, into infinity.

The feared hand

There is a sleeping place for down-and-outs close to Neal Street, a barrack of a yard, filled with vans and carts ready for the market to open.

For the most part these are covered with tarpaulin and here your cellar-dweller finds a temporary shelter.

It is a draughty sort of rest; the wind whistles under the tarpaulin. Moreover, there is a dog somewhere in the neighbourhood with a ferocious bark.

I sat up in the cart I had chosen and wondered whether the animal was loose.

Oh, the horrors of a night without a shelter, the desperate, hunted feeling that comes over you! I felt as though I were a criminal and that at any moment the hand of the law might descend on me.

I crept out of the cart, stumbling over a woman in my haste. This cart business, however, is only used as a kind of waiting-room until the cellars are available.

If you try to creep into a hole too early you may be spotted by a respectable resident and challenged as to your *bona fides*. But if you wait till midnight or after you are safe.

Places of waiting

Sometimes the door that lets you in from the street is shut. It is a terrible moment when you find yourself faced by a barrier against which you must not knock. You have no business there. It is at times like this that the cellar seems a place of warmth and comfort.

There is a tragic difference between the open street and even a subterranean refuge, rat-ridden, with weeping walls and sometimes with the rain dripping through the grating.

You will find plenty of cellars in the back streets off Tottenham Court Road. Here you have a feeling that you are in a different land. People go to bed later; there is more movement.

You will hear gramophones playing until past midnight. This means that bed-time in the cellar city is put off, sometimes to the early hours of the morning.

There are places of waiting—like the yard I spoke of—where the ragged army congregate, but never more than two or three at a time.

It would call attention to their existence if too many were together. Word would fly round that something must be done to clear the streets, and these unhappy folk would be moved on.

You will meet these cellar-dwellers during the fine weather, and on clear nights even in winter, on the seats in the Mall; the men huddled closely, the women stretched out more easily.

Shameful sight

Some of them are covered with newspapers, others with nothing but their miserable bits of clothes. Clothes!—you cannot use the name for the tattered remnants that hang about them.

Some of them sit on the Embankment till cellar time, others lurk in doorways in the network of courts behind the Holborn Restaurant. But all of them, sooner or later, come to the cellar.

What do they do, these people, in the daytime? They are always on the move. In the early morning they search the dustbins, scour the streets for cigarette-ends, grope about the chairs in Hyde Park in the hope of finding treasure trove.

They are all up and out by five. There is no need for them to linger. Not for them is there the comfort of washing, the luxury of breakfast.

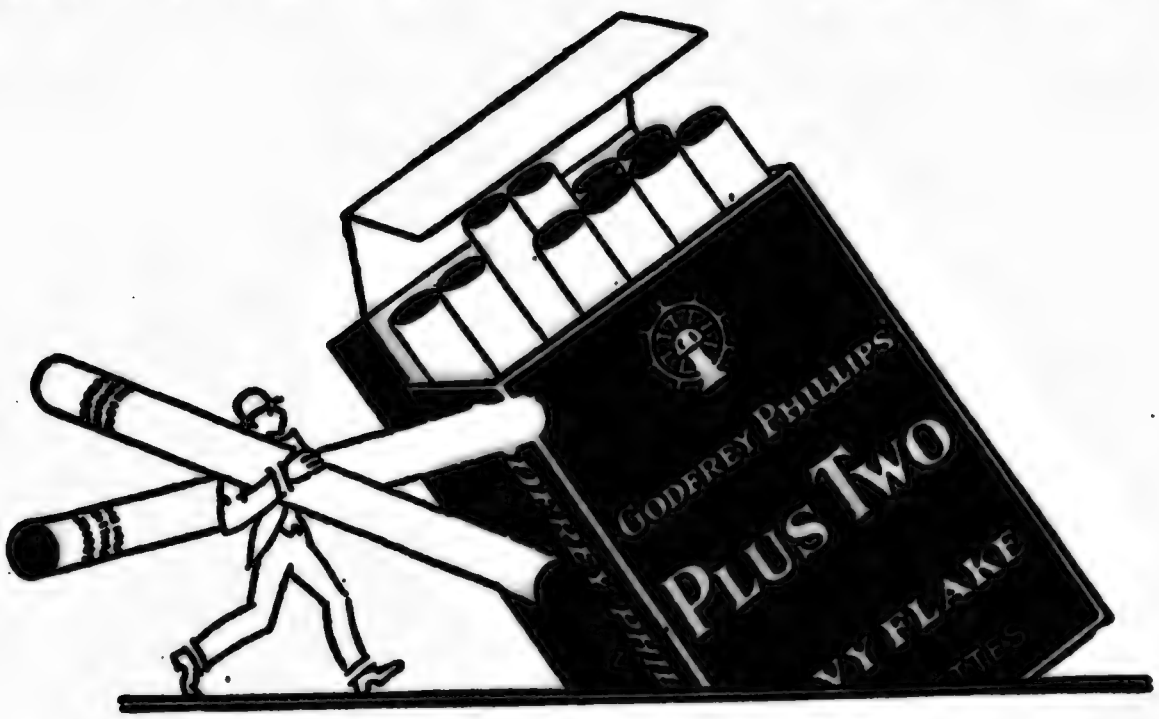
It is a shameful sight to see the men and women creeping from their holes, the unutterable indignity to human life their plight presents!

The cellar-dwellers are growing and increasing in number. The subterranean city is stretching out on every side. It is not only the casuals who are taking to the subterranean city.

As I have said, hundreds of families are paying high rents for the privilege of living under the paving-stones where the gas-light flares all through the day.

And this, under the very shadow of Westminster!

ARE YOU A "PLUS TWO" MAN?



12 instead of 10
24 instead of 20

Every time you buy a sixpenny packet of "Plus Two," you get two additional cigarettes. Every time you buy a shilling packet, you get an extra four.

If "Plus Two" were not just as big and just as good as the ten-for-sixpenny cigarettes, there might not be so much in this.

But they *are*. The difference is that with them you get no triple wrappings, no pictures, no coupons, no fancy tips; and their huge sale, moreover, reduces manufacturing costs. That's how it's done!

GODFREY PHILLIPS'

"PLUS TWO"

CIGARETTES

Twenty-four for one shilling **12 for 6d** *Full size, length, weight & quality*

THE "PLUS TWO" MAN GETS TWO MORE!

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

to People who Deserve Them

Mrs. GENERAL BOOTH,
Salvation Army, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

DEAR MRS. BOOTH,—Your prayers are answered and your beloved husband is now on the high road to health. I am delighted, for good men are scarce. But let me counsel you not to turn the Army's future into a personal matter. A Grand Council will decide next January who is to lead the Army in the years to come. Do not feel embittered if no member of the Booth family is selected. You have already earned the affection and respect of the world. Carry them with you into an honoured retirement. JOHN BULL.

Admiral DE STEIGUER,
United States Navy.

SIR,—Your modesty overwhelms me. In a recent speech you declared that "nations which owe America huge war debts should write off their obligations by ceding naval bases to the United States." Why didn't we think of so simple a solution before? And why didn't you take your courage in both hands and ask for the whole of England as a Yankee colony? If you were not so complete a fool, you would be a menace to Britain's friendship with your native country. JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. Sir WILLIAM BULL, M.P.,
269, King Street, Hammersmith, W.

DEAR BROTHER WILLIAM,—You have been getting up at 7.30, and never going to bed until 1 a.m. for fifty years. You have been doing sterling work in the Commons for thirty years—and smoking ten large cigars a day. Now you must retire and you seem indignant with your health for giving out. You are a credit to the name of Bull. Long may you continue to carry on in private life the tradition of blunt good sense, honesty and loyalty which have so conspicuously adorned your public career.—Yours affectionately.
JOHN.

Dr. COHEN,
Coroner, Tottenham.

SIR,—I share with my readers the deepest indignation at your censure of a mother, Mrs. Robertson, whose little boy, aged five, died as a result of falling into a bath of hot water. The accident happened through the distracted mother rushing off at the call of another of her little ones who was seriously ill. You accused her of carelessness, and she left the court crying bitterly. Little wonder. The censure was harsh and thoughtless. JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM RAMSAY, D.C.L., LL.D.,
Sunnyfrae, Moffat.

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—While on a scientific journey in the East you met a lady, also interested in archæology, whom you have now married. You take my breath away, for at seventy-seven you are as vigorous, mentally and physically, as a man thirty years younger. By the way, did you discover anything new about Noah and the patriarchs? Not that it matters, for clearly they had nothing to teach you. JOHN BULL.

Sir HUGO HIRST,
Chairman of the General Electric Company.

DEAR SIR HUGO,—I believe my cartoon this week will tickle your fancy, for it calls attention to the fact that Sir Montague Norman, and the Bank of England which he governs, is neglecting that sick child, "British Prosperity." I shrewdly suspect that you are the man behind the British Electrical and Allied Manufacturers Association's denunciation of the Bank's policy of playing the bankers' game and letting industry struggle along unassisted. Perhaps you may "bust the Bank"—of England; or at least shake it out of dreamland. JOHN BULL.

CARDINAL BOURNE,
Westminster Cathedral, S.W.

YOUR EMINENCE,—On visiting Stepney the other day you were welcomed by the Jewish mayor, Mr. Frankau, and a letter of good wishes from the Chief Rabbi was read. I have not missed the significance of these gestures. They mean that, while in other countries the followers of your two great religions may live in perpetual hostility, here the ancient feud is dead. This is largely due to the example and teachings of yourself and the Chief Rabbi. Accept the respects of a Protestant. JOHN BULL.

The JUSTICES,
Tottenham Bench, Middlesex.

GENTLEMEN,—Thank God, you can recognise a ramp. Webbs, of High Road, Tottenham, stripped a poor woman's home of furniture costing £62 15s., when she had already paid £53 2s. on account of it. You instructed the court missionary to get back her furniture, declaring that the Bench would meet Webb's charges if she could not do so herself. Most justly you stigmatised Webb and his creatures as "robbers of the meanest order." Accept my congratulations. JOHN BULL.

JAMES STEWART,
Glasgow.

DEAR JAMIE,—So you're the man who won the war! You told Judge Brown that you killed so many Germans that the general said, "Take Stewart away, or there will be no Germans left alive." One trembles to think what you did in the Boer War (in which you also served) when things were even more primitive. The judge fined you £2, with the option of twenty days, for being drunk. Don't do it again, old comrade. I prefer your other record. JOHN BULL.

Rev. Canon S. C. CARPENTER,
The Vicarage, Bolton.

DEAR VICAR,—I like you. You are a man after my own heart. You tell them the truth, and you don't care if it hurts. You slated those of the congregation who put the halfpennies and the pennies in the plate on Armistice Day in a collection in aid of the infirmary. You scorned them for their bargain between themselves, heaven and the hospital. Now you ask them for conscience money. I hope you get it. I think you will. JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. LYON,
Plea Lodge, Ecclefechan.

DEAR SIR,—I hope I have spelt the name of your house properly. It is so easy to substitute an "F" for a "P." They tell me that when the local schoolmaster applied to have a bathroom in his house, you, as a member of the School Committee, opposed a grant, stating that you had not had a bath yourself for ten years. As I am not likely to be in Ecclefechan for some time, it doesn't matter to me, but if you should come my way, please leave behind as much of Ecclefechan as you can. JOHN BULL.

Mr. EDGAR WALLACE,
31, Portland Place, W.

DEAR EDGAR,—They tell me you have refused to stand as a Liberal candidate at the election because of *pressure of work*. I don't believe it. A man who can write one play, one novel and unlimited short stories and newspaper articles per week, as they say you do, could surely take a mere election in his stride. Think of the plots for mystery stories there are at Westminster! And it's a mangel-wurzel to your last Derby tip that you would romp home. JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN
Foreign Secretary.

DEAR SIR AUSTEN,—How unkind to poor little Winston! After all, he only "done his best" while you were away; even if he did tell the House of Commons that reparations and Rhine evacuation were two totally distinct matters.

I do think you might have considered his corns before contradicting him so cruelly, by pointing out that, until the reparations puzzle is solved, Germany cannot legally demand the withdrawal of Allied troops from the Rhine.

You should have remembered a famous Premier's advice to his Cabinet: "It doesn't matter what we say, but we *must* all say the same thing." JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. A. B. HOUGHTON:—"There is a new spirit in the world and a new conscience."

Which any bull the most dunderheaded Government would hurry up and utilise.

* * *

SIR J. M. BARRIE:—"Pessimists are just people without any roots to them."

Which makes it ridiculous for any people to suffer them.

* * *

LORD EUSTACE PERCY:—"The distress in the coalfields is not unmanageable."

Then why, in the name of common-sense and humanity, has it not been managed?

* * *

MR. JUSTICE CHARLES:—"They draw the 'dole' in long clothes now."

Which doesn't say much for the national guardianship of infancy.

Never absent never late!

CHILDREN are healthy right through the winter if "Ovaltine" is their daily beverage. It builds up rich reserves of health and energy—thus enabling them to resist colds and epidemic infections, and keeping them in glorious health in spite of unpleasant weather conditions.

"Ovaltine" is as essential for school children as warm clothes and sound boots. During the growing years of childhood more nourishment is necessary than ordinary food contains. All day long the children are using up energy in spendthrift fashion—and every ounce of energy spent has to be made good from nourishment.

"Ovaltine" supplies the concentrated nourishment extracted from Nature's tonic foods—malt, milk and eggs—and builds up sturdy bodies and alert minds. "Ovaltine" children are quick at their lessons, fond of play, and as happy as the day is long.

Instead of tea, plain milk or other beverages at or between meals let your children drink delicious "Ovaltine."

School Children must have

'OVALTINE'

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Prices in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, 1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

It is economical to buy the larger tins.

P 326

Your food doesn't do you any good *if you're tired*

TIRED, strained nerves interfere with digestion. At the end of the day's work, it is a good rule to relieve nervous tension *before* eating—by the use of Wrigley's Chewing Sweets. Your doctor will tell you how the act of chewing relaxes and soothes the tired nerves—how the healthy cleansing action of Wrigley's refreshes and tones you up all round—so that you are ready to enjoy your food.

Wrigley's also helps digestion *after* meals, by stimulating the flow of natural juices. In addition, it cleanses the teeth, removes all traces of eating or smoking—and sweetens the breath.

What other sweet costs so little and does so much?

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The Truth About Things—by the Editor

GUINEA-PIGS IN CLOVER

The Golden Drone

THERE is an uneasy feeling in the country that the wheels of industry are being mysteriously clogged. The slowing down affects everybody, but no one seems able to touch the actual source of trouble.

Suggested remedies come thick as blackberries. The safeguarders, for instance, have a wide following. "The burden on industry is foreign competition" is their diagnosis. Close every port to foreign sellers, and let foreign buyers go hang, and all trade within these islands will automatically boom, is their argument.

It sounds simple, and to many people denotes simplicity—in the head. We have more sympathy with those who see the burden on industry as the crushing weight of rates and taxes, though we are far from agreeing that the Government attempt, in the Derating Bill, is a good way to lessen it. The Derating Bill, in hard truth, is bad finance.

Meanwhile, there are certain local burdens on industry that could, and should, be eased at once. We refer to the extravagant extortions taken from many industries by boards of directors. We do not, of course, include in this managing directors who earn their fees by shouldering the work and terrific responsibility of running the machine.

WHAT we do mean may be best illustrated by cases in point. For instance, eight directors of one concern were recently presented with £104,000 for going into retirement. Another that recently had an offer to change hands upon favourable terms circularised its shareholders to that effect.

The change meant, of course, that the existing board of directors would lose their seats. But, far from taking unemployment as a knock-down blow, they proposed to do it in an essentially dignified manner.

After making arrangements for the formation of a fund for the benefit of the company's employees, the directors suggested a payment to themselves of more than £300,000 as compensation for loss of office. This colossal sum is actually more, by nearly £100,000, than the concern's net earnings in a year.

This sum, which is to tide the shareholders' one-time employee officials over their period of unemployment, is an amount equal to three years' entire dividend distributions!

Is it any wonder that Mr. Baldwin, in speaking at Glasgow on the terrible burden on British industry, roundly denounced this class of imposition?

BRITISH industry, declares Mr. Baldwin, is being seriously retarded by those who, holding positions as directors of companies, regard those positions as a freehold, which they refuse to give up, in any circumstances, "*unless they are bribed to do so.*"

We go even further. We say that excessive bleeding of industry by retiring directors amounts to corruption of the Companies Acts. Those Acts were framed to regulate the limited liability system of trading, to protect the public, and help the wheels of commerce to run smoothly. Above all, they were passed to prevent sudden breakdown and panic.

They are being ignored. Directors of companies, under these Acts, are rendered liable to dismissal at the wish of shareholders at any annual or specially convened meeting. It is a right shareholders seldom need to exercise, but all the same it is a safeguard that shareholders should remember if positions of trust are being abused.

We are passing through a critical business period. The welfare of British trade hangs in the balance. It is all the more shameful that this is the moment chosen by company directors to take advantage of their position arbitrarily to demand huge sums of money for vacating office.

THE WRONG TREATMENT

Sir Edwin Fraser Stoc[illegible] who has denounced the burden placed on industry by heavy emoluments claimed by directorates

AN IMPISH QUESTION

A TERRIBLE thing has happened. A Harrow youth, a member of the Junior Imperial League, has been prohibited by the police from driving his car through Hyde Park because a card hung over the back bearing the words "Join the Imps!"

The men in blue did not question its humour, nor the noble and patriotic sentiments it enfolded. They probably remembered the bitter outcry that went up from certain sections of the aristocratic world when an unfeeling Labour Government let taxi-cabs run wild through Hyde Park.

They certainly knew that tradesmen's vans are not allowed there, and that processions must have special permission before they can be allowed through the gates.

The police cut short the hopes of this trader in Imps by barring his progress. But they have stirred the dust. Captain Fraser has raised the question in Parliament.

What would he have done had the offended youth been wearing a red tie and displaying a placard "Join the Reds"?

The Human Machine

GET ON TOP!

WHATEVER you do, do it well. If you can, do it better than it has ever been done before—but do it to the very best of your ability.

You can't do more, but by doing that you may find that you have built better than you knew.

There is always room in this world for the man who can be relied on to do a job well. The world wants trustworthiness more than anything else.

"If a man write a better book," said Emerson, "preach a better sermon or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbour, though he build his house in the woods the world will make a beaten track to his door."

People want you as soon as you can do something better than they can. And remember that it is only the bottom rungs of the ladder of success that are crowded. There is always plenty of room at the top.

The higher the fewer!

Be one of the few!

A HAMPER of HORSE SENSE

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

The Rt. Hon. Sir Herbert Samuel, G.C.B., Chairman of the Royal Commission appointed to report on the mining industry

I CANNOT help feeling a cynical amusement as I watch the daily papers suddenly discovering that there is a problem of the coalfields. Neither can I help feeling a little proud, for it is not the first time that JOHN BULL has ploughed a lonely furrow in hammering away at a national scandal to have in the end the satisfaction of seeing its cause espoused by the whole Press of the country.

We urged the miners' needs before the coal strike of three years ago, and we urged them alone. It was not good "copy" then. It was only good copy if you could hitch up the coal problem to Communism and talk sensational nonsense about the Bolsheviks and Russian gold.

The only interesting thing about the coalfields to the Press in those days was that Mardy was called "Little Moscow"!

That was about the only thing that did not interest JOHN BULL. We saw then as others have now discovered, that the coalfields presented the biggest human problem a country ever had to face.

Black shadow of disgrace

We saw the coalfields in terms of suffering men and women and children, and we never ceased urging the Government and the country to see them in those terms.

They are seeing it now all right! For winter is here and in hundreds of thousands of desolate English homes it is going to mean misery, disease and death unless something pretty drastic is done.

It does not need a profound statesman to see that. Even the *Daily Mail* can see it. It is a stark human problem that is crying to heaven for remedy.

Now, I have not a breath of criticism to utter against the raising of £10,000 by the *Daily Mail* for the relief of the destitute mining areas. If it can raise £10,000,000 so much the better. Even the distribution of charitable funds is better than nothing. But it does nothing to touch the problem. It does nothing to wipe away the black shadow of disgrace that lies across the Government's record.

Do-nothing policy

It does nothing to call back the wasted years and squandered opportunities that Mr. Baldwin has frittered away in spite of a legislative machine that could have been irresistible in its power if only it had been used.

I am sometimes accused of being violently anti-Conservative. I am nothing of the sort. I am utterly indifferent to Party labels and unthinking parrot-cries.

I want to see something done, and so long as it is done promptly and well it does not raise my temperature whether it is done by people who call themselves Conservatives or Liberals or Socialists.

What I am violently opposed to is a Government of any colour or description that has the power to do anything it likes and does nothing.

It makes me very angry indeed to see a body of alleged statesmen who can watch quite calmly while half a million men are deprived of employment, and their wives and children are brought within the shadow of actual starvation—and do nothing.

It makes me furious to see a human problem like this treated as a move in the Party game and made a matter of votes and electioneering campaign.

If the miners of Durham and South Wales had been Armenians or Egyptians or South Sea Islanders there would have been relief expeditions organised, international schemes to reorganise the industry, and not improbably a second Hoover brought in to see that the job was done efficiently.

But because they are British men and women and children on our own doorstep nobody has the imagination to do anything of the kind.

Britishers or Fijians?

There is no sentimental self-righteousness about helping a Durham miner! You cannot get the same glow of smug self-satisfaction about doing something for people in the Rhondda Valley as you can out of making flannel waistcoats for the inhabitants of the Fiji Islands!

There is no romance to be got out of it—and it wants a lot of horse sense!

Yet I cannot for the life of me see why to-day, as years ago, the recommendations of the Samuel Commission should not be acted upon.

Goodness knows we paid enough for it! One way and another we paid over thirty million pounds—and the most powerful Government in the world merely said, "Thank you!" and put it away in a Whitehall pigeon-hole!

I have no doubt the mineowners could bring hundreds of reasons why the report should have been shelved. I have no doubt they did bring them. I challenge them to bring one why hundreds of thousands of miners should be left to despair and misery while a single proposed remedy remains untried.

If the mineowners are not lost to all sense of shame, it should bring a blush even to their hardened cheeks to see all the women M.P.s sinking Party differences in an endeavour to force the Government to provide boots for the naked feet of the miners' children!

It brings one to mine. It humiliates me to feel that my country has sunk as low as that!

A man-size job

For that, you see, is the real problem. I am not interested in the highly technical details of the reorganisation of the mining industry. I cannot get excited over words like "rationalisation" nor dance a hornpipe because somebody is trying to form a "national society organisation."

What haunts me is the fact that British men are denied work, that British women are living in iron poverty without the means of adequately feeding and clothing their little ones, and that British children are dependent on charity for the mere elemental necessities of human existence.

Those are the things that "politics" mean to me, and that is why Party labels mean less than nothing to me. That is why I say that the failure of the Government with its overwhelming majority to remedy things like these is a black shadow across its record.

What Mr. Baldwin ought to do even now in the last months of his dying Parliament is to get out the report of the Samuel Commission and hand it over to a body of the best business men on whom he can lay his hands.

He ought to give them a free hand, backed by all the force of the legislative machine, to put its recommendations into effect with all speed.

And he and his Government ought to concentrate on the equally important job of seeing that clothes and food and the bare necessities of life are supplied to the British coalfields as they were once supplied to the European battlefields.

It would take him all his time, for it is a man-size job.

AT least one out of every ten of the insured workers of this country are without the means of providing for themselves. In addition to this, and largely as a consequence, approximately 900,000 are in receipt of some form of guardians' relief. All Parties have failed to find a remedy.

Mr. James McCulloch

Yet we have vacancies in England now for double the number of our unemployed. The primary industry of agriculture, from whence comes all food and raiment, is understaffed by at least two million.

This is no fancy estimate. There was a time, with a much smaller and poorer population, when we had an agrarian population of 3¼ millions. To-day, every head counted, there are only 1¼ millions, a shortage of 2 millions.

The three million acres of arable land which have gone out of cultivation in the last ten years, has increased the unemployment in the towns by thousands.

Comparisons with other countries, less fertile than our own, prove that the trouble is of our own making. France has 20 per cent. of her population on the land, England 3 per cent. The pre-war Austria with a similar acreage and population to our own, had eight millions of her people on the land.

If these figures be true, and I challenge contradiction, there is ample room in England for another million workers. This extra million would mean all the difference between poverty and prosperity. They would not be self-sufficient; they would call for the services of the storekeeper, the mechanic, the schoolmaster.

The village shop would make demands on the urban factory with a million more producers at work at the source of all wealth. We can see it happening in Canada or Australia any day.

IT is said that the town dweller will not return to the country. This is nonsense. Fifty per cent. of the town dwellers of to-day were the countrymen of yesterday. They were attracted to the town by the promise of higher wages and easier living.

The position is reversed to-day. The country calls because of the very cheapness of living, and the pleasures and amenities of town life are

SPADES A

Carrots a

by JAM

CULL

THE PRINCE *and* THE MAN

by A. G. GARDINER

THE return of the Prince of Wales, which will probably be accomplished when these lines appear, will be gratifying to the public in many ways

There is no doubt that the anxiety of the past two or three weeks has been intensified by the absence of the heir to the throne in one of the most inaccessible parts of the world's surface, and his arrival will be a matter of general relief, both on personal and public grounds

If, as many hope, his return synchronises with the passing of the danger which has overshadowed the life of the King, it will be none the less a matter of public satisfaction, for after so severe an ordeal there must be a long period in which His Majesty will have to forgo his activities in order to consolidate his recovery.

In other words, the Prince comes back with a new weight of responsibility, which focuses the public interest upon him more searchingly than in the past. The King's illness has brought the nation face to face with a contingency which has hitherto been remote from its thought.

It is that fact, as much as personal affection for the King himself, which is responsible for the remarkable manifestations of public concern which have accompanied every phase of the illness.

Unshakable throne

That concern implies no fear of any Constitutional upheaval. The throne is too deeply rooted in the public heart to be shaken by the vicissitudes which must come at some time in the course of nature. But its *prestige* is vital to its authority, and to that public consent by which it exists in a self-governing community.

And that *prestige* is dependent on the wisdom of its occupant. The scandalous life of George IV. destroyed its *prestige* and brought the throne to a lower level in the public esteem than that to which it had ever fallen during two centuries.

On the other hand, as I showed last week, the orderly life, sound sense and high standard of duty which King George V. has brought to the service of his great office have not only enabled the throne to survive the greatest hurricane in history, but have re-established it in the public confidence on a more secure basis perhaps than it has ever occupied before.

It is the appreciation of this fact that mainly accounts for the deep anxiety shown by the public that this fortunate chapter in the history of the throne should not be prematurely closed. It accounts also for that more searching scrutiny to which the promise and character of the Prince of Wales are being subjected.

A real man

Against our will, we have been compelled in the light of the anxiety of the past fortnight to consider his qualifications for the great office to which he is destined in the course of Nature.

In many respects, that consideration is entirely satisfactory. It would not be easy to conceive anyone more fitted by his gift of personal charm than the Prince of Wales for the future that awaits him. He is a man of singularly generous and spontaneous impulses, who radiates cheerfulness, good nature and good will as the sun radiates heat.

He is at home in any society, and has that zest in living which is the soul of good comradeship. He has no vanity and no affectation, and his happy smile is not the disguise of artifice, but the genuine expression of a good heart.

He has a healthy love of pleasure, especially the pleasures of the chase, in pursuit of which he has taken more risks and had more falls than are good for him; but he has an equally keen interest in the life of the people.

That interest has been shown in the heartiness with which he has thrown himself into the multitudinous tasks that he is called on to fulfil, and not least in those frequent excursions into the East End which have brought him nearer to the general heart of the people than any person in his position has ever got before.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

In one sense, he is better equipped for the throne than any of his predecessors. He did not enjoy that apprenticeship to the sea which played so valuable a part in the education of his father, but he is the most travelled prince, not only of his time, but of any time.

Valuable knowledge

It would be a form of flattery which his native sincerity would resent to suggest that his intellectual gifts are remarkable. They are not. But they are adequate. He has a receptive mind and a quick intelligence, and if his knowledge of books is limited (like that of his grandfather), his knowledge of life at first-hand is not limited.

He has cultivated an excellent gift of speech which he exercises on the most various subjects with a delightful modesty and unfailing appropriateness.

Not the least of his merits is his freedom from that fatal vice of princes, ambition. He has had the priceless advantage of serving his apprenticeship under the most severely Constitutional monarch this country has ever had, and his own fine democratic sympathies are a sufficient assurance that he will not depart from the tradition by which his father has reconciled the principle of monarchy to the modern conditions of a free, self-governing people.

If there is any element of doubt in the public mind it is concerned not with the Prince's disposition or his equipment, but with his somewhat light hold on the responsibilities that he inherits. I said last week that the King's happy domestic life had contributed almost as much as his wise Constitutionalism to the *prestige* which the monarchy has enjoyed under him.

Princes' penalty

It would be a relief to the public mind if that tradition could be continued. It is a part of the penalty imposed on princes that even the freedoms of private life are a matter of public concern, and it is in no spirit of vulgar intrusiveness that this matter occupies popular thought, especially at a time when all that the Prince's accession to the throne involves is brought vividly to mind.

Let us hope that when he takes his place by his father's side he will have the satisfaction of knowing that that contingency is indefinitely removed, and that he and the nation alike can look forward confidently to the prolongation of a reign which has been so rich in blessings to the State.

No prince who ever lived was less tempted than the Prince of Wales to play the part of Henry V. I greatly misjudge him if he would not choose to live and die a free man, and that much as we should all rejoice at the complete restoration of the King to health, the feeling of the Prince would transcend all our thanksgivings.

TRUMPS!

Carburettors

AME CULLOCH

now accessible by modern methods of transportation and invention. A large percentage of town dwellers would return to the country to-morrow were it made worth while.

They left it, not because they hated it, but because they could get no foothold on it. Labourers with pre-war wages ranging from 12s. per week, and a family to feed, were simply forced from the land.

THOUSANDS tried and tried for years to get small holdings, even at three or four times the rental value of the larger farms, but small holdings were taboo.

Seven hundred thousand men who left the Army in 1918 and 1919 expressed a wish to return to the land. Had it been so arranged, there would have been no unemployment to-day.

Unemployment and its attending poverty were always caused by the same process, the separation of the labourer from the soil. Politicians should know all about it. There have been Royal Commissions and enquiries since the year 1510, when a great exodus took place so that the landlords could turn the cultivated acres into sheep runs, wool, at that time, being the most profitable staple.

The landlord Parliaments of the three following centuries might be excused for doing nothing, but there is no excuse for the so-called democratic Parliaments of later years.

The French operative is half peasant. When the loom stops he picks up his hoe. Henry Ford, a practical idealist if ever there was one, has in recent years built his American factories where his workers could get land.

Carrots provide an alternative job when the demand for carburettors is dull.

A plot of land is the alternative to the "dole." This is the only solution for unemployment. It should have been done ten years ago, when the first Prime Minister made his promise to the men who had saved their country that he would settle them on the land.

EVERYTHING else has failed. Export credit schemes, mass production developments, works of national importance are all inherently futile, for these are based alike on the assumption that a Government Department gets more value for expenditure than the private citizen from whom the money has been filched.

Pensions and compulsory retirement at any given age will fail likewise, and for the same reason. If the people wish to save themselves, they will instruct the politicians to turn back to Mother Earth, the source of all well-being.

Two extra to-day baker

It's like offering a bun to a bear to expect one Currant Loaf to satisfy the Sinclair family at tea-time — they all have such appetites for Currant Bread. After all, it's false economy to be sparing with such a wholesome and delicious treat. Let all the family eat as much Currant Bread as they can, but always insist on *real* Currants because *real* Currants contain the greatest food value of all dried fruits.

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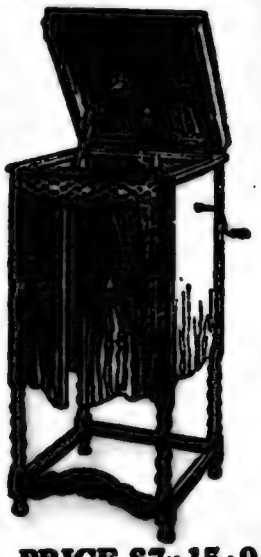

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A PLAGUE of HOUSE FRAUDS

The Easiest Swindle in Britain

THE public has not yet fully realised the significance of Mr. Justice Rowlatt's severe comments at the recent Kent Assizes, when he said that he "desired to call general attention to the considerable increase of fraudulent conversions by house-agents, or so-called house-agents, particularly in the South of England."

"Many poor or comparatively poor people," continued the judge, "who desire to purchase houses to live in entrust deposits to these 'house-agents,' and in the result lose their savings."

The particular case which drew forth these well-deserved remarks was that of Joseph H. Dunn, a former vice-president of the National Association of Auctioneers, House-agents, Rating Surveyors and Valuers, Ltd., and managing director of a concern known as the Southern Auction and Estate Agency, Ltd., with branches at Chatham, Kingston-on-Thames, Croydon, Ramsgate and Herne Bay.

He pleaded guilty to six counts of fraudulent conversions of sums varying between £100 and £12, these being either deposits towards purchases of houses by clients or rents paid to him as landlord's agent.

Mixed moneys

In passing sentence of five months' imprisonment, the judge emphasised that accused had only a single banking account, and no separate account, as he undoubtedly should have had, for trust moneys.

Croydon, which was one of the scenes of Dunn's operations, also figured in another case earlier this year when a London Sessions jury convicted Norman Best and Eric Norman on eight counts of conspiracy and fraudulent conversion.

Here no fewer than twenty-five witnesses were called, and it was proved that in the first six months of 1927 the prisoners had received £818 from persons wanting to buy houses. At the end of that period Best and Norman had 11s. 6d. in the bank!

In the course of the proceedings, Mr. Frank Powell, counsel for the prosecution, read a letter from one client, Mr. Dawson, a milkman, pleading for the return of his deposit as he was out of work and badly needed the money.

Enticing prospectus

At Derby Quarter Sessions in October a very extensive system of fraud and conspiracy was brought to light with the trial and conviction of Albert Kellett and Albert Dinsdale (alias Bancroft) who had obtained large sums of money from a number of working-class people, calling their concern by the grandiloquent title of the "Alliance Mutual Investment Association."

A cunningly worded prospectus read:

"Be your own landlord. There is no safer investment than purchase of your own house. Have someone to advise and act for you and safeguard your interests in every way."

Luckily for the public, Dinsdale, from a penal establishment, and Kellett, from a local prison, will not be able to do any "safeguarding of interests" for some little while.

The recent Liverpool Assizes similarly brought about the temporary exit from society of John M. Kelly of Southport — fraudulent conversion of £160 — and within the last week or two the Dumfries Sheriff Court sentenced Robert Pattie to six months' imprisonment for a long series of embezzlements and conversions totalling £900. Both accused were "auctioneers and estate-agents."

Mr. John Stevenson, General Secretary, Incorporated Society of Auctioneers, which is pressing for legislation on the lines suggested here

We would like to emphasise that these summaries of proceedings all refer to cases *which have taken place within the last few months, and that they are only a small selection of the whole.*

Several other cases are awaiting trial at the present time, so cannot be the subject of comment.

Now what ought to be done?

Surely the recognised professional societies are under a duty to protect the public, and should also strike a blow for the good name of the genuine practitioner.

Obviously no monopolistic and arbitrary measure of registration stands a chance of passing into law, but much could be done on the same lines as legislation already in force in Canada, Australia and in many of the States of America.

In England any rogue or fool can call himself an auctioneer or an estate-agent on paying a few pounds to the Revenue and putting up his plate.

The "bad hats" steal the good ones' clients, poach on sole agencies, put notice-boards anywhere they can, cut commission and give poor service in return, and have no regard for professional etiquette.

Premium on dishonesty

In the Dominions various licensing or registration Acts are in force which compel the intending practitioner to produce evidence at least of good fame and financial stability.

Usually he is required to deposit a bond for a substantial amount, which may be used for the recompense of clients if he defrauds them. In other cases, a State Board, in addition, examines upon technical qualifications before granting a licence to practise.

There are heavy penalties for carrying on business without a licence and for charging more than the fees laid down.

Within the last month or two the Irish Free State has interested itself in the question, and an estate-agents' registration measure is likely to be introduced into the Dail in the near future.

Thus there seems no excuse whatever for further delay on the part of the British authorities in making registration compulsory. To allow the situation to remain as it is places a premium on dishonesty, and leaves the public at the mercy of criminals and "men of straw."

AN EMPEROR WEPT

But "John Bull" Acts

ALEXANDER THE GREAT wept when he found no more new worlds to conquer. He thought in continents, but only with a view to personal ambition, thus proving himself to be in spirit only Alexander the Little.

True greatness would scorn to ride to power over the slain and dispossessed. Sure success must be rooted in compassion and helpfulness.

It is with these ideals in view that JOHN BULL offers every reader participation in the paper's success through the benefits of the Free Insurance Scheme.

Always on the look-out for fresh fields to conquer, JOHN BULL still is ready to help every reader in ways that most insurance schemes escape.

JOHN BULL helped Mrs. M. Wilcock, of Hill View Bungalow, Heaton Royds, Bradford, when in course of her household duties she fell heavily and fractured her arm.

Feeling of hope

She says: "The handsome cheque received is worth more even than the value of the money, for it has given me a feeling of hope that a few of my difficulties are over.

"I can face the future in such a spirit of confidence and feeling of protection that I never had before."

Register now!

"I am a coal miner," says Mr. E. Wilcox, of 214, Bole Hill, Treeton, near Rotherham; "I have been on short time and really do not know what I should have done when things in my home caught fire had I not been a registered reader.

"It is hard enough when all is well to get new clothes. I never could have replaced those that were lost in the fire had it not been for JOHN BULL, and I shall never forget the kindly way in which my trouble was met."

Similar testimony within the last few days has been received from Miss Hilda Hibberd, 12, Rogers Road, Gosport, who fell ill with diphtheria; Mr. James Percy, 55, Mill Lane, Bentinck, and many others.

A whole world of domestic trouble and misery is conquered by this great Insurance Scheme, so why not register now?

"I'm a 'Lucky Girl' Jenkyn!"

"No fattening sweet things for me"—says Anita Elson

Miss Anita Elson playing the leading role in 'Lucky Girl' at the Shaftesbury Theatre.

"You can't dance unless you're slender, Jenkyn. No fattening sweet things for me. If I didn't light a Kensitas whenever I'm tempted by them, I should soon put on weight."

"If I may say so, Miss Elson, it's your slender figure that gives grace to your dancing—"

"Whenever my sweet-tooth calls, Jenkyn, I have a Kensitas instead. That's how I keep slim and supple. A Kensitas satisfies my craving for sweet things, and it doesn't spoil my figure."

don't nibble smoke a—

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A ROGUE *who* RUINS HOMES

Tricked into Jail

Sir Joseph Priestly, K.C.

TWO small, unfurnished rooms at the top of a very old house in Brixton Road, London, S.E., constitute the "home" of a distressed young woman named Jones, who, with three young children to support, is in sadly reduced circumstances.

Her husband is in jail; the guardians refuse to aid her unless she takes her children into the workhouse.

Here is a tragic story indeed. Her husband, Leslie Martin Jones, who is not yet twenty-eight, got into trouble some time ago and was sent to prison.

After he regained his freedom a year or more ago, he contrived to go straight. Then, one day, he met a smartly dressed stranger named William Younger.

Clever move

Mr. Younger mentioned that he was a furniture salesman in a fairly large way of business, and added that he would be pleased to pay commission on any orders Jones could obtain for him.

For a time nothing further materialised, but Mr. Younger drove up one morning and asked Jones whether he could accompany him to a sale, as he might be able to give him work.

As Jones had his own job to go to that morning, he reluctantly let this offer pass.

That this generous suggestion on the part of Mr. Younger was a clever move to gain the other's confidence is clear in the light of subsequent events.

A little later on, Mr. Younger turned up again and asked Jones if he would do him a favour.

It was rather late at night and, having purchased a quantity of goods on behalf of a client living some distance away, Mr. Younger was unable to arrange for their delivery until the following morning.

He would be greatly obliged, therefore, if Mr. Jones would allow him to leave the goods with him overnight.

Wife's sad plight

Both Mr. and Mrs. Jones heard the genial Mr. Younger instruct the van-driver to meet him not later than 8.30 a.m. on the following day.

Mr. Younger did not keep the appointment, however, and the van-driver reported the incident to a policeman.

"My husband was about to go to the police himself," says Mrs. Jones, "when a detective called here and, finding the goods, said that my husband would be charged with being in unlawful possession of them."

Younger, it seems, had obtained the goods by false pretences.

A detective, summoned from Hertfordshire, *agreed that Jones had not been present when the goods were obtained.* Younger was finally run to earth and charged with theft. When he appeared at Hertford Police Court Jones had also to stand in the dock on the charge of "receiving."

At the hearing Jones strenuously denied the charge and although Younger admitted that Jones did not know that the goods were stolen, the unfortunate gardener was given three months.

Younger, who pleaded guilty to theft, was sentenced only to four months!

Sir Joseph Priestley, K.C., who tried the case, commented very strongly upon the fact that the two probation officers attached to the court were not available.

So, in the absence of those officials, nothing has been done for Mrs. Jones, who cannot work because, only a month ago, she was confined.

We urge the Lambeth Board of Guardians to give sympathetic consideration to her plight.

The Sentence of the Court

PRUDES *and* PARKS

Bumble's Bathing Ban

BLINKING like a Rip VanWinkle aroused from 40,000 winks, the Earl of Haddo pleaded "Not guilty" when charged with obstruction.

"In addition to being a belted earl," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "the accused is also chairman of the Parks and Open Spaces Committee of the L.C.C.

"It is in this capacity that he is charged with a species of obstruction to which those who, in the realm of Bumbledom, reign over us, snappy and inglorious, are peculiarly addicted, and which manifests itself whenever those terrifying words 'mixed bathing' are heard.

"Mixed bathing is scarcely of red-hot interest in December. But as decisions arrived at in December are binding in June, we must protest against the committee refusing facilities for mixed bathing in Brockwell Park lake, because, according to his lordship, it would then 'be necessary to exclude the public from the lake enclosure.'

"'Why?' demanded a woman councillor. And the same lady's audacity also moved her to remark that 'People who enjoy sea bathing do not have a part of the beach enclosed so that no one shall be shocked by the dreadful sight.'

"To this unwomanly observation the noble earl did not deign to respond, and a suggestion by Dr. Stella Churchill that 'It should be the policy of the council to encourage both sexes to swim and even to sun bathe' was received with dignified silence.

"But, unfortunately, the masterly silence of the accused did not mean consent. So, unless something is done, warnings to 'Keep away from our water' will soon be as numerous as notices to 'Keep off the grass' in areas under the control of L.C.Censors."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that some members of the council, more anxious to win cheap popularity than to safeguard the morals of the community, had talked much nonsense about prudery. But Lord Haddo was not to be intimidated by such claptrap. As his lordship had pointed out, bathing in the parks was very different to doing so at the seaside, where bathing-machines were used.

* * *

"If any proof were wanting to show that, mentally, the prisoner is a survivor from another age," said Mr. Justice Bull, "it is his delusion that nobody nowadays would dream of bathing in the sea without the moral support of a bathing-machine.

"It is really astonishing how much mixed thinking is still associated with this question of mixed bathing, which has only to be mentioned in a municipal mausoleum for everything to be at sexes-and-sevens.

"We have been told often enough that cleanliness is next to godliness, but, seemingly, it is not even on speaking terms with sanctimoniousness.

"Since the prisoner has poured cold water on an eminently reasonable proposal, he can scarcely object to a dose of his own medicine. I therefore direct that he be awarded the Order of the Bath—to be taken daily in the Serpentine throughout the winter."

* * *

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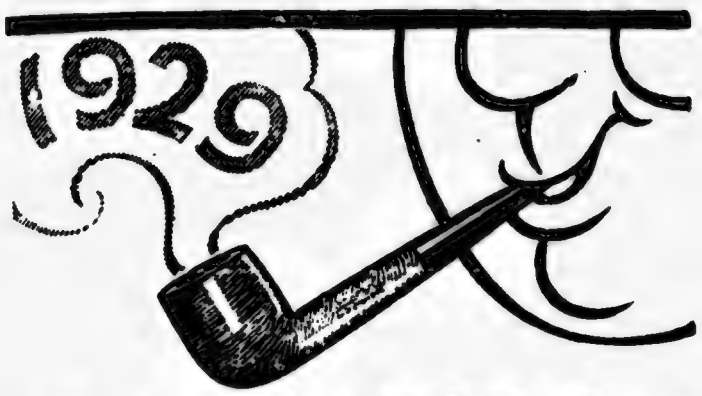

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This week also marks the opening of another important event—the new Meccano Model-Building Contest. Cash prizes totalling over £50 are being awarded for the best Meccano models that are entered and, in addition, there is a large number of other valuable prizes, making a total value of £100.
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If you seek a practical gift for a boy—or girl—choose a "Blackbird."

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Carter's Little Liver Pills
Purely Vegetable Laxative

assist nature in its digestive duties. One or two of these little pills taken after meals or at bedtime will do wonders, especially when you have over-eaten or are troubled with constipation. Remember they are a doctor's prescription and can be confidently given to every member of the family. All chemists, 1/3 and 3/- pkgs.
The genuine bear the signature *Bernard Carter*

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Words Winged to Women

ANYTHING WITH TROUSERS ON!

Dr. Bernard Hollander, who lectures on the psychology of matrimony

by MABEL HORNER

IN a hospital, a short walk from the house where I live, lies a young mother barely out of her teens. She is on the danger-list. In a cot near her lies her tiny infant, waxen-faced, with head bandaged, feeble, under-sized, with scarcely strength to breathe.

Sorrow, want and despair brought mother and child to this. For she is a nice, good girl, who has been cruelly and bitterly deceived. Should the care she is now receiving bring her back to life she will have no husband.

She will not even be able to bring an action against the father of her child for maintenance because he is in prison. He married two women and is serving a sentence for bigamy.

The girl in hospital with her baby is his third victim. Her only fault was that she loved and trusted too well. She believed a false tongue, took no pains to verify any of its statements, and this is the result.

It is not a peculiar case. On my desk, piled high, are letters from any number of women who have been deceived.

And yet, with all the teeming evidence that hospitals, police-courts and prisons set before them, there are any number willing, even eager, to be deceived.

Homehungry women

A few weeks ago I told the story of a man who wrote to me asking if I would introduce him to a woman who "would share his little home and be a mother to his two kiddies." He said he had lost his wife, though he did not specifically state that he was a widower.

He merely stated that he had experienced a great deal of trouble with various women as housekeepers and wanted an introduction to some one honest and reliable.

He said he would "offer his home" to one of those deserted wives I often speak of (though I did not, fortunately, mention this). He made no conditions of service, nor did he mention salary.

But did that weigh with the crowds of women who have bombarded me with requests for introduction to this man? It did not.

I have had letters from women in all parts of the country. I have had applications from spinsters and widows and deserted wives and from wives who are tired of the "brutes" with whom they are living and would like a change.

I have had letters, enclosing their photographs, from young and pretty girls. There has been a stream of callers making personal application.

Stepping into an abyss

I tremble to think of the fate of that poor man, who may be quite a decent sort for aught I know, had I passed on to him the river of kindly ladies all anxious to make his acquaintance.

Think of the scandal that would have been created in his quiet village had they all gone out to see him! Word would assuredly have been passed round that he was collecting a harem!

Joking apart, while I sympathise deeply with the good feeling displayed in most of the applications, I cannot but deplore their want of head.

Some women, I know, applied for introductions to this man because they were unemployed.

Well, in the columns of one of this morning's papers, I read of twenty-five openings for various kinds of domestic service, eight opportunities for women clerks, twenty for parlour-maids, ten for "helps" and nurses, and thirteen places where the domestic services of both man and wife can be utilised.

Good wages are offered in every case, and it goes without saying that good references and competent workmanship are required in return.

And, in all gentleness and sympathetic understanding of their peculiar difficulties, I say to women that those are the only proper terms on which labour should be offered and services obtained.

The woman who wants a good job must qualify for it and make her services worth paying for.

And here I come to the heart of the problem. These women who are swamping me with applications for introductions are not thinking of a business bargain. They yearn for a home. They long to comfort the man who has lost his wife.

They want to mother "those two poor kiddies." They want to "make up to him" for what he has suffered.

The inference is unavoidable. Without any attempt to verify the facts, or before they know for certain that the man can produce his wife's death certificate, they visualise themselves settling into his home with a view to marriage.

It must be so, or would not their first question, in every instance, be What wages does he offer? And what references can he produce? I have not been asked the question once.

That is why I say that women who are guided entirely by their hearts are heading straight for disaster. They are laying themselves open to the sort of trouble that has put the poor girl-mother and her waxen-faced baby on the danger-list of a great London hospital.

They are willing to take the greatest step possible for a woman to take entirely in the dark. Is it any wonder that so many step off into the abyss?

There were 4,444 petitions for divorce presented in this country last year, but if the poor women who tell me their misery through "rushing" into marriage could afford it, there would be three times as many more.

Homely Wisdom

A FATHER'S PRAYER

by The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

COMPARATIVELY few people nowadays know the name of William Canton. Not many knew it outside literary circles even when he was in the midst of his life-work.

Dr. R. J. Campbell

I never knew him personally, though I was given to understand, through the late Sir William Robertson Nicoll, that he was a frequent hearer of mine and one of the many kindly personal friends with whom I have never exchanged a word.

But I loved him because of one special thing, his utterly sweet and charming description of the sayings and doings of his little girl.

He recorded these in a small volume, partly prose and partly verse, which he called "W. V.: Her Book."

I should judge that "W. V." must have been the child of his later years, for he himself was born before the middle of the nineteenth century and "W. V." could not have seen the light before the twentieth.

But what a delightful time they had together, that father and child! How perfectly they understood each other and how intense their mutual devotion.

CANTON'S tender sense of humour helped him greatly in entering into the soul of his little one and making himself at home there.

He succeeded in becoming like a child himself in his dealings with her, which is more than most people can do in their intercourse with a younger generation; we are only too prone to forget in our dealings with the young that we were young ourselves once.

It broke Canton's heart when "W. V." died, and he never wholly recovered from the blow. But in the book above-mentioned he has left on record some lines that show that he knew where to seek for comfort in the deepest affliction.

The lines were inspired by the following circumstance:

The child had been naughty or troubled, and the father, as his frequent custom was, sat beside her cot when she went to bed until she fell asleep.

The tear-stains still on her little face, she clung fast to her father even in her dreams. She held, he says,

"My hands, my hands, my two hands in her own."

And then he goes on to write this prayer:

Hold Thou my hands;
In grief and joy, in hope and fear,
Lord, let me feel that Thou art near;
Hold Thou my hands!
Hold Thou my hands,
These passionate hands too quick to smite,
These hands so eager for delight,
Hold Thou my hands.
And when, at length,
With darkened eyes and fingers cold,
I seek some last loved hand to hold,
Hold Thou my hands!

WE are but little children in the sight of God, the wisest of us and the strongest, the weakest and the most foolish.

Could we pray a better, simpler prayer than this, that the All-wise and All-good Who has brought us into life will guide us through to the end, holding us as it were by the hand?

It is a prayer we cannot outgrow.

"It was easy," said GEORGE GEE after Blindfold Test

"Well, I *should* be a good judge of a cigarette—as I'm playing in 'Virginia.' I picked Sarony blindfolded for the same reason as I could tell my favourite mashie or car blindfolded. They just fit naturally into my scheme of things. It seems that most stage folk prefer Saronys, with the possible exception of Lockhart's Elephants."

(Signed) George Gee

The principal comedian in "Virginia," at the Palace Theatre

The Blindfold Test

The blindfolded smoker tries five leading brands. French coffee is at hand to be sipped between each cigarette, to clear the taste. Only one question is asked, "Which did you enjoy most?"

Saronys' famous *smoothness*, and complete absence of bite or parch, is obtained by extraordinary care in tobacco leaf selection. A very careful blending of only picked leaves from a group of certain choice tobaccos gives Saronys their soothing, fragrant smoothness, so "you can tell the difference, even blindfolded."

10 *for* 6d.

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Made by Nicholas Sarony, New Bond St.

YOU PICK OUT SARONYS FOR THEIR SMOOTHNESS

Jove! it does make you feel all aglow

What is it they say in the advertisements? "Sip it. Drink it, Drain it and feel all aglow." They're right too. Feel it tingle on the tongue, feel its comforting warmth. Come on everybody—one . . . two . . . three . . . and fill up again!

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Smooth in no time!

Your chin is smooth in no time if you use Colgate's Shaving Stick—and you can't get a better shave. Buy a stick to-day and see for yourself.

Shaving Stick & Refill - 10d.
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COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

Softens every single hair

The Home Forum—Conducted by MABEL HORNER

WEEKLY INCOMES FOR WIVES

To Banish a Nightmare

THE thousands of deserted wives in this country are a formidable army. Their ranks are swelled with every period of trade depression and unemployment. If poverty stalks in at the door it is not only love, but the husband who flies out of the window.

In other words, whatever causes are at work to wreck home happiness, it appears to strike an increasing number of men that a short, sharp way out of the difficulty is to put on their hats and walk off, leaving the women to it.

Under the existing law it often is the easiest solution—for the man. But it only intensifies trouble for the woman, leaving her faced with an awful problem. How is she to get a living for herself and children? How keep them in shelter and provide them with food and clothing?

Now the law declares that if a man marries a wife and brings a family into the world it will hold him responsible for their maintenance. It sounds very nice and comfortable and just, in theory, but how does it work out in practice?

The deserted wife can, and does, apply in the police-court for this law of maintenance to be put into effect. Whether a separation order is wanted or not, the order for maintenance is always readily granted. Thereafter the woman's life becomes one long nightmare of appearances in court to try and get arrears or the order itself enforced.

To send a man to prison for non-compliance is merely to ensure him having no money to pay anything at all.

Many thinking women want a change in this law. They demand that when the court makes an order against a deserter who is living immorally he should be required to keep the police informed of his address and place of employment.

His employer should then be acquainted with the facts and informed that the wife's legal allotment from his salary must be deducted at source and paid into court.

Any extra clerical work involved would be more than balanced by lessened police-court proceedings. This would also prevent deserted wives from making application to overburdened guardians for support.

It would pay the country to keep these deserting men at work and even provide work for them if this change in law was brought about.

If it meant a black-list to prevent them bolting to another country, why not?

As the law stands, it seems to me the easiest thing in the world for a man to marry, bring a family into the world, and bolt away from responsibility and duty the moment he tires of it.

Prison is no deterrent of the evil. In any case, prison brings no grist to the mill of a starving wife and family; while men who desert their lawful wives merely because another woman has caught their fancy purposely choose prison rather than pay up.

Such drastic changes in the law would, of course, apply equally to runaway wives and mothers. The change would check the nuisance.

Both men and women would think twice about running away from their children if they knew the law would step in with an effective check on their income. For, as things are at present, the law itself slips the halter and, as a consequence, the horse bolts.

Miss Vera Findlay, first woman minister in Scotland, who recently officiated at a wedding

Women Who Dared

ART for the PEOPLE

LENA ASHWELL is a woman who, though in society and married to a clever physician, has retained her own brilliant personality and chosen to follow an independent career.

She acted with Sir Henry Irving, but her first striking success was in a play called "Mrs. Dane's Defence," acted with Sir Charles Wyndham.

Miss Lena Ashwell

Her position as one of London's leading actresses was soon secure. She might have gone on, stirring London's most wealthy and fashionable West End crowds, thinking only of laurel wreaths and her own success, but she did not.

She dared to cast such fame aside in order to brighten the lives of poorer people and less fortunate.

She formed a company called "The Lena Ashwell Once-a-Week Players," the object of which is to take interesting plays of every kind to districts where no theatres exist.

Lena Ashwell produces good plays. Her company interprets the works of Shakespeare, Bernard Shaw, Pinero, Galsworthy and other playwrights equally renowned.

She works in districts such as Ealing, Battersea, Canning Town, Deptford, Greenwich, Ilford and Watford, striving always for co-operation with the mayors and councillors of the different boroughs. And she is beloved and appreciated.

Because Lena Ashwell dared to think the people would appreciate the best when they saw it, a very much higher standard of recreation is being promoted throughout the country.

Women as Parsons

Sex and the Pulpit

THE question of women "taking holy orders" is now debated seriously at every Church conference. Only a very few religious bodies make no difference in status between men and women.

The majority, even the Established Church, make great use of women's services as deaconesses, sisters-of-the-poor and similar posts. But when pulpits, salaries and honours are in question then the battle is joined. And it rages furiously.

This would be easier to understand if every man who ever put on clerical garb had proved beyond doubt his fitness for his great and high office, and every woman who made an attempt to stand in similar shoes had signally failed.

But the reverse is true. The story of the man minister who lamentably misuses his opportunities is only too familiar; while the few women who, in spite of opposition and difficulties, have managed to occupy pulpits, have been conspicuous successes.

Of this truth Miss Maude Royden is a shining example. It is not possible to believe that there are not hundreds of devoted women ready to do as well as Miss Royden, but still the controversy persists.

It would be interesting to know why. History shows that the prejudice against women ministers is a thing of modern growth. The mysterious cults of the ancient days were kept alive as much by royal orders of priestesses as priests.

In later days the convent flourished side by side with the monastery and the abbess had as much authority as the abbot.

To-day, the thought of a woman bishop or archbishop would, to many people, be positively hair-raising.

It is strange, because even a man does not rise to these high offices by virtue of sex, but merely because he has convinced other people, by a life of devotion and service, that he has the fit qualities to hold them.

Women form the huge majority of every congregation, which narrows the question down to this: Do women want women ministers? Do they want women to marry them? An answer from women readers of the "Home Forum" would be illuminating.

* * *

"John Bull's" Christmas Gift packages are disappearing fast. Hurry if you want yours! (See page 2.)

Fathers in Council

SPOTLESS, BUT—

A DIRTY, cluttered-up home is a dreary, depressing sight. Disorder destroys home-happiness, and many a man is driven to drink because he cannot find a comfortable place at his own fireside, while the "pub" offers a refuge that is cheery and bright.

On the other hand, there are men who are actually driven out by too much cleanliness! I, like most men, appreciate orderliness and cleanliness in the home, but it seems to me that some wives prefer spotless homes to happy homes.

I know a few personally. Their fire-irons are bright and glittering, and their furniture is polished until it reflects like a mirror. Such homes look beautiful, but to live in them is no pleasure.

If hubby engages with a man friend in cheery conversation, it is interrupted to suggest that the chairs be moved a bit or they will scratch the piano. Cigarettes are frowned at as ash-dropping contrivances and for fear a spark might fall on carpet or cushion.

Home-comers, cold and tired from work, must wait on the mat, shivering, to remove their boots before they can come within smell of the fireside, while papers and magazines are whisked away as "litter" almost before they are looked at.

Wives of this character often conscientiously work their fingers to the bone, but they do not succeed in making home happy. Neither are they among the successful mothers who keep their children loyal home-lovers.

They forget that the main purpose of a home is to provide a refuge from the difficulties and irritations of the world, a place from which to send out husband and children refreshed and strengthened.

We men want cleanliness and cosy homes, but not houses that are mere advertisements of metal polish and elbow grease.

Give an *enduring* Gift?

THE LIFETIME SERVICE PEN in the gay colours

only 2/6

Points to suit all hands

Thousands of people in every part of the world who have bought these pens say better pen value is nowhere to be found. They find the new non-corrodible nib withstands all inks in any climate, and writes far better than even high-priced gold nibs. They chose their pens with just the nib that suited them—fine, medium, broad or oblique pointed. They chose the colour they liked best—Lapis Lazuli Blue, Jade Green, Red Marbled, or all Black. And having got a pen of extra merit, they recommend you too to try one. Because Platignum Senior Pens give utter satisfaction, you can with safety choose them as Xmas presents. Because their price is low you can afford to give them freely. Buy one yourself and prove its merit, then buy for Xmas giving.

A smaller model is the Platignum at 1/3

Your Stationer sells them

Stocked by:—

W. H. Smiths Shops and Bookstalls; Wymans Bookstalls; Menzies Bookstalls; Robert Grahams Bookstalls; Eason Bookstalls; Salmon & Gluckstein; Boots Cash Chemists.

The Pen a BUS couldn't crush!

"Gentlemen, 8.IV.27. 19th July, 1928.
I enclose a Platignum pen which I dropped in Trafalgar Square yesterday. It was run over by a private car and a motor bus. I found it only slightly crushed and have since written several letters with it (including this). Will you return the pen, as soon in the present condition it should serve for a considerable period.—Yours faithfully,
(Signed) A. W. BEACH."

PLATIGNUM SENIOR

The HENTHORE MANUFACTURING Co., Ltd. (Dept. B.J.S.), Tudor Grove, Hackney, London, E.9.

A BIG XMAS GIFT FOR "JOHN BULL" READERS

Sent CARRIAGE PAID for **1/9** NOW

TWENTY-TWO YEARS AGO my advertisement first appeared in "John Bull." To celebrate the occasion I shall make a Handsome Gift comprising an up-to-date selection of Records, a beautifully bound Record Album, and a large supply of Gramophone Needles, FREE OF ALL CHARGE to every reader who orders any Gramophone and Records, which I send on 14 DAYS' APPROVAL, PACKED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID. Small deposit gets delivery. EASY TERMS TO SUIT ALL. Write NOW for a free copy of my SPECIAL CELEBRATION LISTS, AND BE IN TIME TO SHARE IN THE THOUSANDS OF FREE GIFT PARCELS

Edwd. O'Brien LTD
THE WORLD'S LARGEST GRAMOPHONE DEALERS
DEPT. 34 COVENTRY.

Fairy Soap Competition

£500 now offered EVERY WEEK for Correct Estimate!

£100 MUST BE WON

Provided the £500 offered for a correct estimate is not won, a prize of £100 will be given for the nearest forecast.

20 Prizes of Shopping Vouchers for 30/- each

30 Prizes of Shopping Vouchers for 20/- each

HERE'S a record Prize for Fairy Soap users! The wonderful success of this great Competition enables us to now offer £500 cash EVERY WEEK for an *absolutely correct* estimate of the week's Births and Deaths. In the event of a tie, this sum will be equally divided. If no one makes a correct estimate, a prize of £100 will be given for the nearest forecast. For the 50 next best entries are 20 Shopping Vouchers for 30/- and 30 Shopping Vouchers for 20/-, making a total prize list of £580 offered weekly. Enter now, and win a valuable nest egg.

Simple Conditions! No Entrance Fee!

Here are the Births and Deaths returns for the 107 Great Towns in England and Wales for the four weeks of November, 1928, to guide you.

	Births.	Deaths.
1st Week: ..	5,000	3,000
2nd	5,000	3,000
3rd	5,000	3,000
4th	5,000	3,000

Can you forecast this week's figures? Write your estimate on the Entry Form below, attach one of the orange panels from a FAIRY SOAP Carton 6½d. or 8d. size, and send to us. Remember, every Carton carries one, and send to us. Remember, every Carton carries two seals, and gives you two chances of winning. Use the Entry Form in the Carton for your second entry. Your name and address must be written in ink in the top left-hand corner.

Entries must reach us by the first post Thursday, December 20th.

The correct figures will be published in the "Daily Mail" on Saturday, December 29th.

CLAIMS. If your estimate is correct or within 20 of either of the official figures, or if the total error on any one return does not exceed 100, send a post-card (bearing PENNY stamp), marked "CLAIM" in capital letters, so as to reach us not later than first post Wednesday, Jan. 2nd, 1929.

Further particulars are printed on the Entry Form in the FAIRY SOAP Carton.

The World's Best Soap Value!

FOR Clothes, and Skin . . . for everything, FAIRY Olive Oil SOAP is really three soaps in one, and so economical. It is a firm, lasting soap that lathers quickly in hard or soft water, and being rich in Olive Oil, it keeps your hands soft and smooth always. Buy FAIRY SOAP . . . *in the carton* . . . this week.

1½-oz. Twin-Bar Carton

6½d.

Also 8d. Cartons

Save the Fairies!

Remember the two Fairies on the Carton are worth a farthing each . . . a halfpenny in all. This immediate dividend makes the cost of FAIRY SOAP only 6d. flt. Save these FAIRY panels . . . your Grocer will accept them instead of cash.

USE THIS ENTRY FORM

Address this to:
Messrs. Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd.,
Fairy Soap Works,
(Dept. J.B.),
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Affix 2nd Here

I estimate that the number of Births and Deaths in the 107 Great Towns in England and Wales for the week ending December 22nd, to be

BIRTHS..... DEATHS.....

(Keep a copy of these figures, so that you can make a claim if justified.)

I agree to accept as final and legally binding the decision of the Managing Director of Messrs. Thomas Hedley & Co. Ltd.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS, IN INK.

FIRST PRIZE WINNER week ending Nov. 24th.

(Gives Car or £250 if option.)

Mr. GEORGE SWINGLER, 37, Middlewood Road, Sheffield.
Births, 5829. Deaths, 4,066. (Subject to scrutiny.)

The Fifty other Prizewinners have all been advised by post of the result of their entries. Full list of prizewinners will be forwarded post free by Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., Fairy Soap Works, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on receipt of a postcard.

Fairy OLIVE OIL Soap

For clothes and skin—for everything

Made by THOMAS HEDLEY & CO., LTD., City Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and 11 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4

YOU need never ask— "DOES MY NOSE need POWDERING?"

Often this question is asked—but the girl who uses Poudre Tokalon need never ask it. She powders once—then she is finished. She knows from experience that Poudre Tokalon clings smoothly for hours and hours. She has the self-confidence and attractive poise that come from knowing her complexion is charming—her skin wonderfully smooth. And so it remains under all conditions. It is the *Mousse of Cream* (patented process) in Poudre Tokalon that makes it so entirely different from other face powders. Heated ball-rooms, rain, gusty winds or perspiration from dancing will not cause your face to shine—provided your powder contains *Mousse of Cream*. It not only makes Poudre Tokalon stay on twice as long, but makes it lighter, finer, purer. Yet it costs *less* than most powders. Try Poudre Tokalon to-day and you will have found at last a really perfect face powder, fragrantly perfumed, attractively packed, and moderately priced.

Free Trial.—Our de-luxe sample outfit including Poudre Tokalon in various shades and Creme Tokalon, both Vanishing and Night Creams, will be sent free on receipt of 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc. Address: Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 8N), 212-214, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

Poudre Tokalon

1/- and 1/9 per box.
Compacte 1/6. Refills 9d.
Loose Poudre Compacte 2/3. Refills 1/-.

PARENTHOOD:
DESIGN OR ACCIDENT?
A Manual of
Birth Control
By RICHARD FIELDING
Preface by H. G. WELLS Five Diagrams

"When the adult citizen has gone through these pages he or she will have all the mastery of his or her sexual self that knowledge can give."—*From H. G. Wells' preface.*

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CONSTIPATION RELIEVED QUICKLY

Carter's Little Liver Pills Purely Vegetable Laxative move the bowels without pain or unpleasant after effects. They relieve the system of constipation poisons which cause the dull and aching feeling. Remember they are a doctor's prescription and can be given with the utmost confidence to every member of the family. All chemists, 1/3 and 2/- phys.
The genuine bear the signature *Carter Street*
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Human Documents

A FAMILY IN INFERNO

I AM a lad of twenty, devoted to my father, my sister, aged seventeen, and two brothers, one sixteen and the other six.

Unhappily, dad, entirely through mother's conduct, has been brought to the workhouse, while mother lives, I dare not say how, in an unsavoury part of the town.

Yet she was well brought up in a convent. Perhaps for that reason she did not understand the management of money, for when she married, dad's £4 a week was a handsome salary as prices then were.

He gave her nearly all for housekeeping, but she could never make it do, and her management ended in our ejectment for non-payment of rent.

This was eight years ago, when housing was already scarce. We endured dreadful hardships, sometimes tramping, or scaling the wall of the yard where the wagon that dad drove by day was kept, so that he could let us sleep in its shelter at night. Exposure killed one little sister.

Dad got another house, but by now mother was a hopeless inebriate and finally began bringing men to the house.

Life from now on was worse than Dante's "Inferno." My mother grew violent and in her cups would take the handiest weapon to hit my father. How he kept his patience was a miracle, but he did.

WE children, now older, persuaded him to leave her to it, which he came to see was the only course. My brothers and sister were taken into different homes.

To-day, my sister is in service, and father, broken in health and fortune, in the workhouse. For six years I have worked for a firm of chemists, who in February will start me on a full man's wages.

I shall give the first £5 to dad to get him out of the "big house," and start him in a hawking trade.

But what of my brothers? And what of my mother? If ever a lad was in sore need of advice it is I.

HUMANIST says: Your mother has chosen her course, and it appears hopeless for you to try and change it, since she would not reform for your father, who gave her every chance. If, with your wages and what your father will be able to earn, you could make a home together for the children, that would be the happiest solution.

I advise you to talk over the possibilities with your father and your sister. If you can manage to keep together, your difficulties will lessen as your brothers grow older.

• • •

Drag on Honour

SOME relatives of the same name as myself are hardened criminals. Their mother actually taught them to pick pockets when they were young, and now, in adult life, they are continually in and out of the police-courts, and their miserable doings are reported in the Press.

When people ask me if they are relations of mine, I always say, "Oh, no." Do I do right?

HUMANIST says: No. If you replied boldly, "They are my relatives, and I am very much ashamed of their behaviour," decent people would only think the better of you. The rest do not matter.

PROBLEMS of Life that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist."

For the three most poignant and perplexing human documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s. and 10/6. Send your problems along to "Humanist," with stamped, addressed envelope. Names and addresses are suppressed so that the writers cannot be identified.

Partners, but—

MY pal and I pooled savings, and started a carrier's business, which makes a good living. I married on the strength of it, but my pal remains single. I and my girl were happy enough until I began to suspect she and my pal took too much interest in each other.

I hear that one day, when she went to see her mother, she rode out to the market-town with him instead. Now she is about to become a mother. She cries a lot, and I don't know what to think.

HUMANIST says: Do not let whisperings and suspicions ruin your married life. There is too much gossip and tittle-tattling in country towns, and I strongly suspect you are a victim of this. Your wife needs every help and protection in her present situation.

Treat her with such loving-kindness and consideration that the question of the other man coming between you will be laughable. Also, if you can, introduce your pal to some nice, unmarried girls.

• • •

The Absent Son

I WAS on the eve of becoming a mother when the man I loved confessed that he was married. Broken-hearted, I faced the greatest crisis in a woman's life with what courage I could muster. I even communicated with my lover's wife, telling her all.

She behaved splendidly, and offered to give the child her name as well as a place in her home. And so I parted with my little one. It grieved me to lose him.

Now the wife is dead. Her husband, the father of my child, has remarried and gone to America. They took the boy with them, on condition that I contributed towards his keep.

Things went badly with me. I am married to an ex-Service man, who has a small pension, but no work. I cannot find the money to send to the States. They refuse me a picture of my son, or any information regarding his welfare.

Worst of all, if I offered to take the child back, and he was sent to me, it would mean that the neighbours would know of my early downfall.

HUMANIST says: It is the boy, the innocent party, who must be considered. I advise you to think carefully and decide whether you and your husband or the child's father and his present wife could give him the best start in life.

Should you decide in favour of yourself, write and ask his father to send him back, paying his passage and putting him in charge of someone responsible on the boat.

Should you decide otherwise, think only of the lad's future and devote yourself to your home and husband. It is possible that America will afford the boy better opportunities.

Should he return to you, do not fear the scorn of neighbours. Your neighbours, if worthy of the name, would admire your pluck and devotion.

Ashamed of Relatives Discard Tittle-Tattle! Mother-Love

A Changed Father

WHEN I was a boy of ten, dad seemed to change from a kindly father into a tyrant, of whom I was afraid. He got into bad company, drank, and thrashed me. Since I left school, I have worked at a bench in dad's shop, and when I was ill he cursed and called me lazy.

I had to go into the infirmary with pneumonia, and now I am home, and not very strong. Dad says if I don't get out he will put me out. He still thrashes me. I have no mother.

HUMANIST says: You do not tell me your present age, and that is important. If you are grown-up, there is no reason why you should stay with a father who ill-treats you. If you are a young boy, and your father thrashes you brutally, appeal to the police, who will take steps to ensure you being treated more decently.

• • •

Wistful Love

FED up with the general strike, I left my native town, telling my sweetheart I would seek work elsewhere than in the mines. This I found, and was soon doing well. Returning to claim my sweetheart, I found she had jilted me and married someone else.

Now I hear this man is a ne'er-do-well, leaving her often in actual want. For the sake of the love that once was, I want to send her, quite privately, some money from time to time. How can I do it in such a way as to remain quite unknown?

HUMANIST says: I think if you wish to help this girl it would be best to do it openly, or through her mother, whom you say lives near. Money sent anonymously to a young married woman would be open to misinterpretation, and might lead to serious trouble between her and her husband.

• • •

Deserted Wife in Debt.—Avoid money-lenders. The ruinous rates of interest charged would add immeasurably to your misery. As your children are in a home and you yourself in good service, you will find paying off by instalments by far the most satisfactory plan. As a nervous breakdown was the cause of your getting behindhand, I do not think you will find creditors hard on you, when the circumstances are explained.

Tempted Wife.—I am sorry your married life is not happy, but to run away with the lodger would make matters worse. There is no evidence that happiness is the first aim of our human existence. To try and evolve, be every day a little wiser and more useful, is a better objective. Happiness usually comes unsought as a result of duty done. How will you face your children in later life if you set them an unworthy example now? For their sake, put all thought of this other man from your mind.

Brass, Not Gold.—The quality of a wedding-ring cannot affect the legality of marriage. What makes marriage legal and binding is the taking of mutual vows and signing the marriage register. In any case, the ring is merely a symbol, and the fact of your friend confiding to you her suspicions does not warrant you charging her husband with "doing things on the cheap." I strongly advise you not to interfere between a man and his wife. They will find a way out of their difficulties best if left alone.

A big load and a long run!

Right away! The crane on the goods platform ceases work. The goods special, heavily laden, moves slowly under the loading gauge and out from the siding, on to the "up" line. When you own a Hornby Railway you are able to operate it in exactly the same manner as railwaymen operate the big railways. You lay it out with main lines, branch lines and sidings—and, in fact, you make it just like the real thing with the numerous accessories in the Hornby Series.

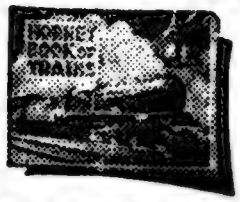
You can obtain **Hornby Locomotives**—clockwork and electric—and **Rolling Stock** in the correct colours of the L.M.S., L.N.E., G.W.—and this year, for the first time, the Southern Railway, too! Included in the splendid range of Accessories are Stations, Engine Sheds, Goods Platforms, Tunnels, Bridges, Signals, Level-Crossings—all finished in correct colours and all perfect in proportion.

Every hour spent in playing with a Hornby Railway is brimful of thrills and enjoyment. You *will* be proud of your Hornby Train when you have tested it and discovered its splendid qualities.

Take Dad to your dealer's store and show him the Hornby Trains. When he sees them he will be just as keen about them as you are.

Prices of Hornby Trains from 7/6 to 110/-

The 1928-9 Hornby Book of Trains



The *New* Hornby Book of Trains is fine reading for every boy who is interested in railways. It is even better than last year's edition! There are splendidly illustrated articles dealing with real life and romance on the railway, and over 20 pages are devoted to a complete catalogue of Hornby Trains.

You can obtain a copy of the 1928-9 Hornby Book of Trains from your dealer, price 3d. If you prefer it, send us three penny stamps and we will send you a copy, post free, provided you send us the names and addresses of three of your chums. Write clearly and be sure to put A. P. after your own name for reference.

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MECCANO Ltd. (Dept. A.P.), Old Swan, LIVERPOOL

Don't make a hash of it!

This joint is "used up" enough a'ready. And you remember the old saying—the nearer the bone the sweeter the meat! Cold meat, potatoes mashed with butter, and MILITARY PICKLE—ah, how good!!!

HAYWARDS

MILITARY PICKLE

Of all Grocers, 10½d. and 1/6 Per Bottle.

HAYWARD BROS., LTD., KENNINGTON, S.E.

"Burlington" Regd.

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Tan Willow Calf one-bar, 1¾" shaped heel.
Sizes 2—7, half sizes 2½—6½
Also with low heel.

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Above all things it is Value that has made F.H.W. grow to be the largest footwear house in the kingdom. And now F.H.W. offer such value as never before!

Here is one of the new and popular styles of the famous "Burlington" brand which we have produced and selected in quantities which are enormous even for F.H.W. *And the resulting economies have enabled us to lower the price to 12/9 a pair.*

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to get your hair neat and tidy—and to keep it so, use ANZORA every morning. It masters the hair, and whatever your exertions it remains sleek and smart.

ANZORA CREAM for greasy scalps; and ANZORA VIOLA for dry scalps, are sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles by Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

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ANZORA

Masters the Hair!

A BARGAIN FOR MOTHERS.

THIS GIRL'S DAINTY ART-SILK PARTY FROCK

2/-

WITH ORDER

Every girl longs to have at least one pretty little Frock for parties, dances, and so on. Here it is, Mother, at a price and on such terms as will enable you to gratify your girl's very natural desire.

This charming frock is made in Art Spun Silk of beautiful texture in a range of delightful colours. There is a deep ruche at waist, short sleeves, and collar is daintily trimmed with Val. lace.

Every Pillar Box an Ambron Agent.

I will send it to you at once, on approval, for first payment of 2/- only, and balance of price may be paid by weekly instalments, if preferred.

Prices vary, of course, according to size, as shown below, but these Bargain prices are shillings less than you would pay at a shop.

Delight your girlie by sending Coupon NOW—and save money too.

LENGTHS and FULL PRICES { 21" 24" 27" 30" 33" 36" / 11/11 12/9 13/9 13/11 14/9 15/9

COLOURS: Ivory, Pink, Helio, Coral, or Powder-Blue.

G.F.226 BARGAIN COUPON.

Please send me on approval Girl's Frock G.F.226, at present bargain price. (*See List above*).

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Colour .....

I enclose 2/- deposit, together with 6d. for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1/6 or more. If not satisfied, and I return the Frock unworn at once, you will refund my deposit. Enclose Coupon with name and full address and Postal Order crossed thus / /.

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7/6 BRINGS IT!

SPECIAL XMAS OFFER

Better at Pearl Face with enamel Bezel, Fitted Lever Jewelled Movement, Rustless Steel Mainspring and parts. Timed with utmost precision.

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This handsome ladies' wristlet watch is equal in appearance to 18ct. gold.

To secure this wonderful bargain send P.O. for 7/6 and simply promise to pay 2/6 per month for six months. Watch immediately posted to you. There's no form to fill in, no prying into your private affairs.

All orders will be dealt with in strict rotation. SEND NOW! Your money returned if not satisfied

NORTH LONDON WATCH Co

27, Tudor Chambers, Station Road, N.22.

Our Letter Parliament

The Greatest Temptation I Ever Overcame!

WE were of the same regiment; both in love with the same girl, chums and rivals. In June, 1917, prior to going "over the top," he, poor chap, was crazed by the intensity of the bombardment, and he ran—the other way. A subsequent medical examination saved him paying the penalty for "cowardice in face of the enemy," and he was detained. Later on leave, I met the girl, who asked about Jimmy. My greatest temptation was to say he was dead, or disgraced. I didn't. He made a complete recovery; they are happily married and have two lovely kiddies.—*T. A. Norman, Erdington.*

Withheld Revenge

At a German prison camp in 1916, I and seventeen other Englishmen were beaten with the rifle-butt and made to stand to attention by the barbed wires for refusing to work, staying thus from 5 a.m. to 10 p.m., without food or drink. Later, while working on coke ovens, putting slack coal in from the top, in the dark, and alone except for the sentry who had beaten us previously, I don't know how I overcame the temptation of tripping him down the oven.—*J. R. C., Leeds.*

"Nobody Would Know"

It was my first trip to sea, as an apprentice of fifteen years. A week out we ran into a hurricane. The wind was a fury, mountainous waves crashing across the deck. I, cowering in the wheelhouse, fear in my heart, had to race across the exposed deck, awash with churning water, to read the log. Should I guess it? Nobody would know. It would have been easy to say I made a mistake. But I summoned up courage, dashed across and returned just as a "greener" smashed across.—*H. S. Darley, Hull.*

What Mother Sees

I am a maternity nurse. A great friend of mine had given birth to a baby so marked and deformed that I felt it would not be a sin to let it die. It was nearly dead when born, and while working with it to get it to breathe, I felt greatly tempted to cease my labours, and let it slip quietly away, but I increased my efforts. The baby (a boy) lived. He learned a trade, and to-day is the main support of his widowed mother. She does not see the poor deformed body nor the marked forehead. She sees only his big, loving heart.—*Mrs. Thom, Banff.*

Fair-play Victory

On the Somme in 1916, we had a raid on the Germans which went "phut." Jerry sniped our wounded out in front, whenever they moved, and my heart was full of towering rage at them. My brother was killed the following day, and we took seven prisoners. I had to escort them down the line, and on my way down I came across an empty dugout and signed to them to get into it, which they did. I intended to share a bomb amongst them, but my better sense of fair-play predominated. I delivered them safely, but—what a temptation!—"*Clear Conscience*," *Partick.*

Costly Silence

While serving in Iraq, I found myself charged by our commanding officer with being in possession of beer whilst on guard. I had been asked by the N.C.O. in charge of the guard to get the beer. When requested to defend myself, I had nothing to say, although the temptation was strong within me to tell the truth, save my skin, but incriminate the N.C.O. concerned. However, fourteen days' pay stopped and three extra guards to do was worth the ovation I received on returning to the barrack-room.—*A. H. Denton, Southampton.*

Clean Hands

I missed my boat in India and starved three days. I got to Karachi. Here I met an official, who gave me five rupees. Before us was a large sum of money. I looked at it. He smiled and said he had a Webley. I thanked him, and thanked God my hands were clean, for I carried a German automatic, with eight rounds. My luck changed after that day.—*J. Brennan, Stainforth.*

So Near and Yet——

Being brought up with an aunt (who had a son of her own), it was an understood thing when she died that I would get all she had. She was taken ill, and I nursed her. She had made her will in my favour, but for some reason had not signed it. She sent for her lawyer, and with pen in hand, ready to sign, she suddenly said she would wait until the next day, which was too late. I think the greatest temptation I overcame was to urge her to sign that document in my favour.—*M. P., Workington.*

The Man Wanted

Years ago, I occupied a well-paid post with a firm of dyers, the partners in which possessed a trade secret which could not well be protected by letters patent. By the representative of a big competitive firm I was offered a similar post, plus a substantial honorarium, on condition that I told what I knew. I refused. Later, the two firms merged into one, and out of a number of applications for the post of secretary to the new company, mine was rewarded with success. "You are the sort of secretary we like," said the chairman (my one-time tempter), with a grin.—*D. Grant, London.*

Daughter's Ordeal

Twenty years ago my mother was stricken with cancer. The last few months her agony was dreadful to witness, the doctor having to give morphia tablets to relieve the pain. By and by, the prescribed dose seemed to take no effect and she cried for more and more, which I was tempted to give, but something held me back for which I have been thankful ever since.—*G. W., Staffs.*

Saving Contract

In furtherance of your campaign to protect artistes from dud theatrical producers, would it not help to stop such gentry if the appropriate official body issued a contract form containing in simple and clear language the artiste's position under Acts of Parliament and the producers' *bona fides*? Any artiste in doubt could then easily send the completed form to a protection society, such as the Variety Artistes' Association, for expert opinion before actually commencing a tour. Producers' false statements should be punishable by loss of licence and imprisonment.—*W. J. Netting, Brentwood.*

* * *

Sing a song o' sixpence—a jolly, cheerful manual—quips and jests and fun galore—The "John Bull" Xmas Annual!

My New Year's Resolution

ORIGINAL letters on this subject, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament."

A Real Treat

Let me congratulate you on your magnificent JOHN BULL Christmas Annual. I could have given four times its price for other Christmas annuals, but this I can say, I could not have obtained more enjoyment from them. The jokes are new and not old ones rehashed, and the articles make most enjoyable reading. You have given your readers a real treat at a small price.—*P. Murray, Belfast.*

Red Rebels

I venture to suggest a bold experiment, if and when the Labour Party comes into power, in dealing with the extremist section, and that is for Mr. MacDonald to give some of them responsible posts. There is nothing like responsibility to make a man find his level. This policy was sometimes adopted in the Army with success. The greatest rebels to authority made splendid, law-abiding N.C.Os on promotion.—*E. A. Gain, Upton Park, E.*

Paltry P.O.

Many rural postmasters have charge of public funds amounting to large sums. Besides paying out pensions and allowances, and performing many duties similar to those carried out in general post-offices, they have to provide heat and light for their premises, and even the pens, ink and blotting-paper for the use of the public. It is disgraceful that the Postmaster-General, with his huge surplus, pays those hard-working officials salaries which very often are under a pound a week.—*P. O., Dumbartonshire.*

Curb for Road-hogs

Motoring accidents are increasing at cross-roads, where the approaches are clear and straight, the temptation to accelerate on a smooth road being irresistible to certain types of road-hog. Why not dig shallow trenches about twenty yards from such crossings? The trenches could only be crossed in safety at a moderate speed, and the cross-roads would have to be taken slowly and safely, too. The certain penalty of recklessness would be broken springs. That would teach the road-hog not to take risks.—*D. H. N., Birmingham.*

* * *

Points from Letters

I decided to give up pipe and pint—after forty years' use!—*E. C., Brighton.*

I wonder how many millionaires have really "worked" to get to their position.—*O. J. P., N. Devon.*

The greatest temptation I ever overcame was the temptation to drown our cat.—*S. A. W., Yorks.*

My greatest temptation was to boast that my baby was the best that our borough had ever beheld!—*Mrs. J., Gloucester.*

I have always striven to open my door to Opportunity, with "Welcome" on the mat. What makes him so chary of entering?—*P. R., Edgbaston.*

I have handled sums varying from £18,000 to £30,000 a year for the past nine years without defalcations and have not received nearly £200 a year.—*A. S., Treforest.*

Recently I had to engage several boys and interviewed many at the employment exchange. Not one knew how to conduct himself in the presence of a prospective employer.—*H. E. B., London.*

JAY'S GUARANTEE AGAINST ADVERSE TIMES DISPELS ALL RISK OF WORRY OR LOSS. ALL GOODS DELIVERED FREE.

JAY'S EASY-WAY CHRISTMAS FURNISHING

Record Bargains from the World's Largest Furnishers.

EVERY ARTICLE IN JAY'S SHOW-ROOMS IS GUARANTEED FOR LASTING SERVICE BY THE "SEAL OF QUALITY" ATTACHED TO EVERY PIECE OF FURNITURE. YOU FURNISH FOR A LIFETIME WHEN YOU DEAL WITH JAY'S.

No matter where you go, you cannot get better Furniture at better Prices and on better Terms than at Jay's, as thousands of satisfied customers in every part of the United Kingdom are willing to testify.

FOR BETTER VALUE YOU PAY MONTHLY

£10	4/-
£20	8/-
£50	20/-
£100	40/-
£250	100/-
£500	200/-

Come and see for yourself the wonderful value we give, or, if you cannot call, write for our Free Beautiful Art Catalogue. Here you will find just the furniture you need on the Easiest of Terms.

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SOLID OAK BEDROOM SUITE—10/- monthly.

Luxurious 3-PIECE SUITES

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WORLD'S LARGEST CREDIT FURNISHERS

GIVING MAXIMUM CREDIT.—4/- monthly.

If desired our Travelling Salesman will call at your home and estimate without obligation.

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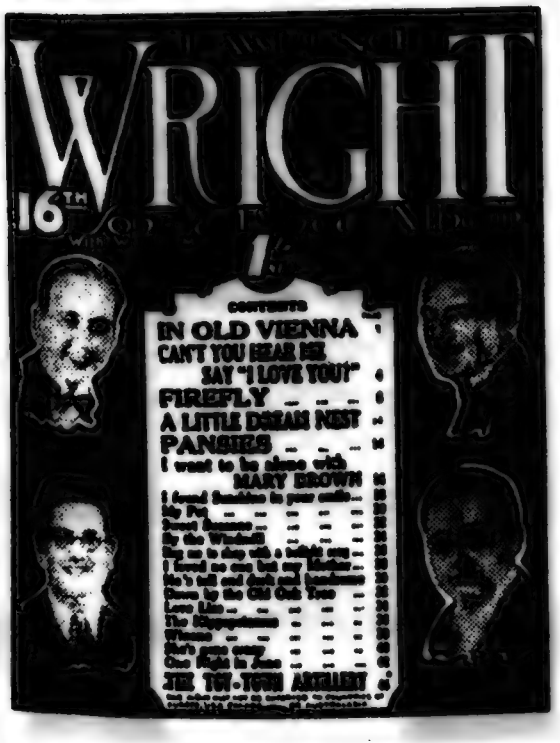

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ONE-EYED 'CHASERS

A Queer Couple Who Help Each Other

I HAVE been asked on numerous occasions to give a little information on the Bruce Lowe figures which appear daily against the names of the winning horses in the *Sporting Life* summary of starting prices.

BRUCE LOWE, who, by the way, died over twenty years ago, chose between forty and fifty of what he termed royal mares and numbered them on the strength of the successes of their descendants in the Derby, Oaks and St. Leger.

ACCORDING to his reasoning the mare is the dominating factor where racing merit in the offspring is concerned, and results, year after year, bear out his theory. Another result of his investigations proves that families one to five represent the greatest degree of racing merit, and that families three, eight, eleven, twelve and fourteen are to be noted for their sire blood.

IN the opinion of Bruce Lowe, no stallion would attain fame at the stud unless going back through the female line to the original mare responsible for these families. My own study of the subject suggests that number three is the outstanding family, as this combines racing and sire merit.

BRUCE LOWE did not advocate that the double figure numbers should be avoided, and pointed out that in the course of time they could be strengthened by repeated introductions of blood from the racing and sire families. As it happens, Ormonde, probably the greatest horse of all times, is in number sixteen family, together with the wonderful Sceptre. The peerless Pretty Polly is number fourteen.

IT is interesting to note that Fairway and Toboggan, who won £50,000 in stake money for Lord Derby this season, are respectively thirteen and three, and Felstead, the 33 to 1 Derby winner, is also in number three group. Costaki Pasha, most likely the Winter favourite for the next Classic at Epsom is number two family.

WE have been promised an American invasion. Billy Barton is already here for the Grand National. Reigh Count, the Kentucky Derby winner, is coming for the Ascot Gold Cup, and there is an entry or two for our future Classics. It is unwise to pay much attention to the latter, as they are made solely to advertise American breeding. The Americans run on dirt and mud tracks and they have not found it a paying game to try conclusions with our best on British soil.

I CODED Dovedale to win at Leicester last week, not thinking that the £10,000 horse, Easter Hero, would be sent to pick up the trumpery prize of £73. However, the 'chaser who caused all the trouble in our last Grand National was on the spot as well, and the connections of Dovedale, thinking discretion the better part of valour, packed him off right away to Windsor, where he won the following day in less-exalted company.

DOVEDALE jumps like a cat and does not appear to be hampered by the fact that he possesses only one eye. If he is for sale I should not be surprised if Mr. Pennington purchases him.

MR. PENNINGTON owns, unless there have been any additions recently, a small stable. His mainstay Bovril III. is blind in his left eye, and West Countryman blind in the right. Consequently, they are an ideal pair for galloping together. I believe Mr Pennington still has hopes of riding Bovril to victory in the Grand National, and he certainly would have been a live factor if he had not gone lame just before the big race at Aintree last March. It was a feather in his cap when the 100 to 1 chance ran Sprig to a length a couple of years ago.

J. C. Cockton, who trains Bovril III

BOVRIL is one of the cleverest fencers I have seen, and runs and jumps in a dead straight line. I consider him streets above the one-eyed Glenside, who won the "National" for Mr. Bibby. Owing to his lack of vision, Glenside had a habit of jumping sideways, and owed his victory to the fact that all the other competitors came to grief.

THE Australian eleven for the second Test will probably be picked by the time these notes appear. This time the selection committee will, if they are wise, correct their previous error and include V. Richardson in the team.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA'S captain is sound in every department of the game, and he can also knock spots off Philip Mead for stonewalling. For the sake of the barrackers, I hope he does repeat his Sheffield Shield match performance of a few years ago—one, not out, in just over ninety minutes.

A FEW weeks back I urged that boxing champions who refused to defend their titles should be made to do so. It is interesting, therefore, to note that the Boxing Board of control propose taking steps to compel Gipsy Daniels, the cruiser-weight champion, to toe the line.

FOR eighteen months Daniels has held on to his title without once boxing in defence of it. He has now been ordered to stake it against Frank Moody before February 28 next. The Board have said no more than that, but I happen to know that should Daniels ignore the ultimatum his title will be declared forfeit.

THE National Sporting Club some months ago endeavoured to bring Daniels and Moody together in a title contest, but the champion declined to box, pleading that the purse-money offered was insufficient. Most boxers would have thought it reasonable, but then Daniels, no doubt, was taking into account the fact that in a non-title contest at The Ring he had taken a real lacing from Moody; also that Moody had succeeded in disposing of Tommy Milligan in half a round.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in *The Sporting Life*.

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How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in *The Sporting Life* read those above or below the line as the case may be.

QGPTQUFT would read DOVEDALE.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, December 12, to Tuesday, December 18.

In addition to "Silver Ring's" code tips, *The Sporting Life* publishes two selections daily, sent out by the racing experts of *The Sporting Life Weekly Edition*. Don't miss them.

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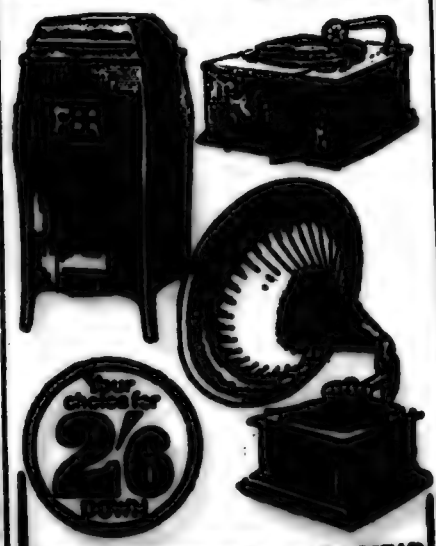

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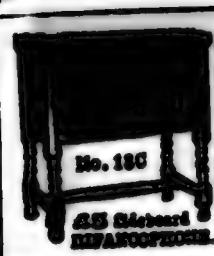

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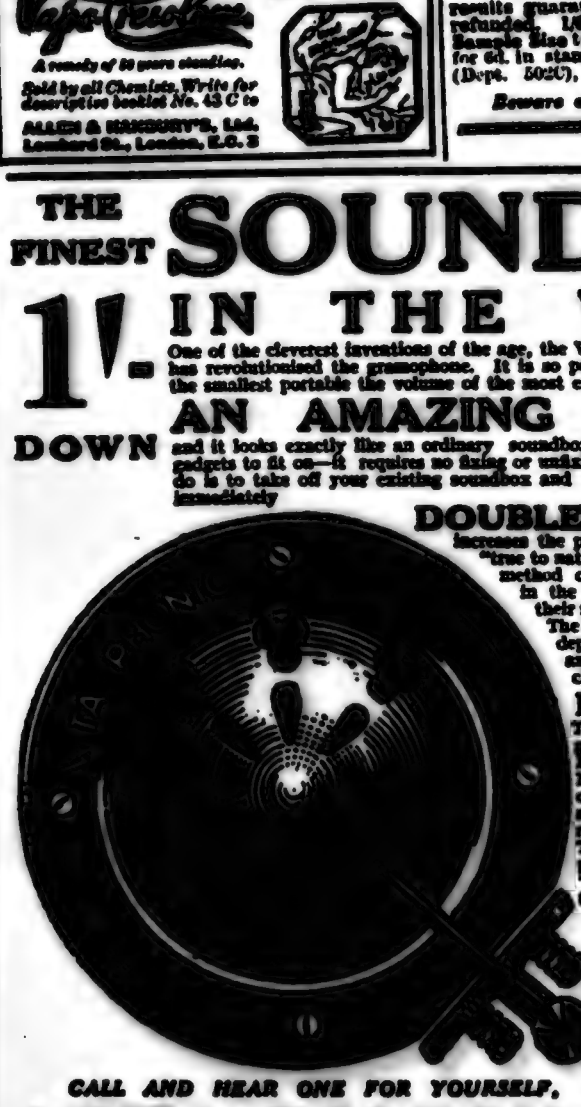

Increases the purity and gives your gramophone a "true to nature" tone. This is because a new method of amplification has been embodied in the VITA-PHONIC, which brings out in their right values the whole musical range. The low notes boom out in a surprising depth and purity, whilst the middle tones and high notes ring out with a clarion clearness which is almost unbelievable.

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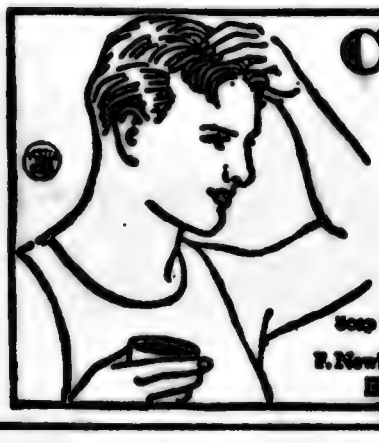

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THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

M. B. W. (Ayr).—"What will cure insomnia?" Sleep.

T. H. (Canterbury).—"When I get to heaven ——" What an optimist!

M. B. (Norbury).—"What is finer than cod-liver oil?" No cod-liver oil.

C. T. (Chenies).—"I can make my ears waggle." What do you train on? Lettuce?

C. L. (Derby).—"If it's not too bold a question, 'Where were you born?'" In infancy.

B. D. (Canterbury).—"Can you tell me what she said, because I haven't any idea?" That's what she said.

C. D. (Ingleton).—"This new species is called Encopolsis Hyperthena Columnar." But not very often, we guess!

J. J. (Silsden).—"What is to-day's best seller?" Experience. Everybody's buying it.

E. R. (London, N.).—"What does it cost to go to Oxford?" Enquire at Paddington Station.

BESSIE (Bow).—"The fire was in the safe factory." Which proves it really wasn't, doesn't it?

W. T. (Shoreditch).—"Some men make fortunes out of mugs." While others make quite a good living out of flats.

E. P. (Swansea).—"Dame fortune is an exacting jade." She certainly insists upon being wooed before she is won.

J. J. (Leeds).—"I'm telling you the naked truth." Which, we suppose, is why you're ashamed of it.

C. L. (Chingford).—"I can tell what you are thinking." We are sorry to have hurt your feelings.

G. B. C. (Pontypool).—"How can I live to be a centenarian?" Don't die till you are one hundred years old.

G. K. M. (Southampton).—"I don't know how my neighbour lives." Any suspicions?

P. T. (Salisbury).—"I am sorry to say that my young man is growing a moustache." Life for you will soon be bristling with difficulties.

E. N. (Fulwell).—"Finally, I discovered that she had already promised to marry two other men." What engaging ways she must have!

J. W. J. (Godstone).—"Book-keeping is an exact science." Which some of our borrowing neighbours have brought to perfection.

BETA (Southport).—"That is twice I have fainted in a telephone-box." It is very careless of the operators to give the right number without warning.

KATE (Langbank).—"Ought a man to get married when he's suffering from heart trouble?" That's when most men do get married.

MRS. A. (Kensington Gore).—"I judge a man by how he calls a spade a spade." Whereas you ought to judge him by what he calls his car when it won't go.

J. E. (London, N.).—"I took my wife to the Talkies." And did she win?

S. J. (Foleshill).—"Which side should one sleep on?" For some, the right side is the left.

H. F. (Harringay).—"The jail is full." How do you know? Have they put you on the waiting-list?

W. H. S. (Durham).—"I am the leader of a new Party." When are you going to appoint a rank and file?

ETHEL (Twickenham).—"I just love Rugby football." Then how you must enjoy the winter sales!

O. T. (Thornaby).—"My little son is very destructive." Evidently a born furniture remover.

AMATEUR ARTIST (Chepstow).—"I am coming up to town to paint your portrait." Wherein have we offended?

A. W. (Nunhead).—"I don't know what to write about in my next letter to you." About a couple of lines would do nicely.

F. M. (Bristol).—"Messages from departed spirits are common." Some people would go further and describe hiccoughs as positive bad manners.

Printers' Pie

[Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie."]

"DAILY MAIL":—"To-day's Events.—Princess —— receives members of the

—— INFANT WARFARE ASSOCIATION 12.0."

"PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS":—"The gun used was a 12-ton 9-IN. MUZZLE-LOADING RIFLE."

"WESTERN GAZETTE" (Advt.):—"House to let, ten rooms, ingoing £50, INCLUDES TWO GENTLEMEN BOARDERS, LINO, FITTINGS, ETC."

"BURTON DAILY MAIL":—"Their victims consist mainly of small birds which are useful to agriculture, the linnet AND THE GOLDFISH AMONG THEM."

"REGINA LEADER" (Saskatchewan):—"The dinner-table was centred with a birthday cake CONSISTING OF 81 CANDLES."

"DAILY EXPRESS":—"The watch had stopped and it did not occur to her to listen AND SEE IF IT WAS GOING."

"LIVERPOOL ECHO" (Advt.):—"Glass Jugs.—Good quality, 2 pint-size, wide base. PRICE (YARD) 9½D."

"WELWYN TIMES":—"—— was granted bail on condition that he found two securities of £50 each AND A DIAMOND SHAPE DISH."

G. L. (W.6).—"Who is the champion runner in England?" The fellow who runs fastest.

W. R. (Perth).—"Dogs who are not given raw meat shouldn't bite." But do the dogs know this?

MOTHER (Hoxton).—"Funerals cost too much." We don't care a rap how much or how little ours will cost.

W. J. (Settle).—"My wife says she is going to give me a very nice Christmas present." Hope you can afford it.

D. M. V. (Westcliff).—"You can't insult me just when you like." We'll insult you when we don't like if we like.

P. T. (Kingston).—"Do you know what caused this conviction of mine?" Evidence against you, we suppose.

G. B. (Cardiff).—"The boy I am engaged to is short-sighted." Perhaps that explains it.

G. R. (Sevenoaks).—"Some politicians won't retain their seats." Not even their seats on the fence.

A. N. (Bury).—"I don't like paying income-tax." You'd like it less if your income was too small to be taxed.

V. M. (Epsom).—"I dreamt of a horse to back, but it lost." It must have been a nightmare.

EVA (Effingham).—"So I made up my mind." Good Lord! Has it come to that?

F. M. (London, E.).—"Why is there such a boom in artificial silk?" Because feminine legs are worn so long.

L. B. (Dorking).—"A cheering crowd gathered at the station to see me off." You *must* have been unpopular!

O. B. (West Drayton).—"In a few days I will send you a picture of myself taken from life." Thanks and good-bye.

D. M. (Lincoln).—"I like to hear the waits at Christmas." If you don't wait too long you can win a *Bullets* Christmas-box and do your own carolling.

A. V. (Bexhill).—"I gave him a thick ear." That will mar his wireless reception!

L. N. (Brighton).—"There is a shortage of lobsters." This is surprising considering the number of nippers each one has.

MRS. B. (Lancaster).—"My daughter of twelve at the high school already plays Schubert." That's better than playing truant.

H. G. (Poole).—"I can buy cigarettes now after 8 p.m." And yet there are those who ask what this Government has done!

A. S. N. (Llanelly).—"Liquor can only be obtained for medical purposes in America." Then America must be a very sick country.

W. A. (Mansfield).—"It's best to count a hundred before striking a blow." Providing the other fellow doesn't content himself with only counting fifty.

M. F. (Chelmsford).—"I should think it must want a lot of patience to learn the harp." Yes—and any amount of pluck.

J. R. (New Cross).—"I asked a man which direction to take and he was positively rude." We can guess where he told you to go.

P. C. (Waterloo).—"I feel happiest in the middle of the week." We are too modest to suggest that our appearance on Wednesdays has anything to do with it.

WILLIAM T. (Gloucester).—"There was a young lady of Gloucester ——" Not here, please!

C. R. (Devonport).—"Few girls can play the piano nowadays." But they can all vamp.

P. T. (Norton).—"I know myself." Is that a matter for congratulation or sympathy?

F. N. (London, W.).—"I struck him in the dining-room." That was below the belt.

G. M. (London, W.).—"This is an age of machinery." True. There seem to be more cranks than ever.

L. B. (Banbury).—"I gave him my I O U, but he wasn't satisfied." Perhaps he knows your I O U.

A. P. (Preston).—"She was very pale on her arrival." Perhaps she had been out in the rain.

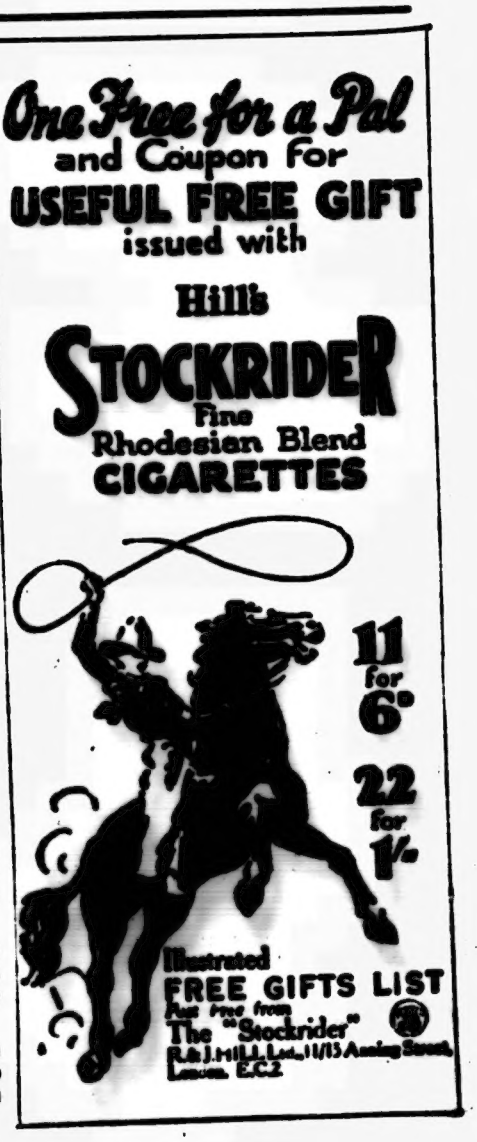
T. R. (Ravenswood).—"Why should he choose me out of all the other girls?" Perhaps the other girls refused him.

A. P. (Halton).—"Did you get my article last week?" Yes. Haven't you got it back yet?

G. B. (Kennington).—"I am what I am." Never mind. You may grow out of that.

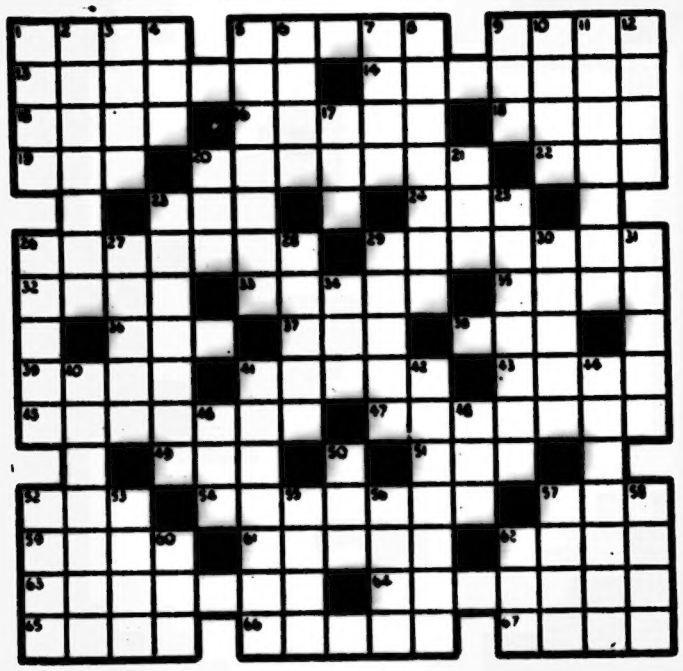
B. G. S. (Ayston).—"No woman shall make a fool of me." You doubtless feel it better to wait for a woman willing to make a man out of a fool.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)



Our Cross-Word Corner

A FINE PASTIME



CLUES ACROSS

1. Gone.
5. English county.
9. Ship's floor.
13. Statement.
14. Old hand.
15. Flat bottomed boat
16. Monarch.
18. Was dressed.
19. A collection.
20. Fruit.
22. Observed.
23. Large.
24. To swallow.
26. Deserved.
29. Like.
32. Horizontal opening.
33. A play.
35. Prickly pear.
36. Owed.
37. Wrath.
38. Immerse.
39. Scrap of news.
41. Transparent.
43. To combine
45. Cautious.
47. Declined.
49. Neither.
51. To be ill.
52. Stitch.
54. Curtain of gunfire.
57. A "story."
59. Excuse.
61. Bend.
62. Bitter medicine.
63. Buoyancy.
64. Heavy.
65. To venture.
66. Middleman.
67. Trial.

CLUES DOWN

1. Go by.
2. Complied with.
3. A tax.
4. Haul.
5. Incensed.
6. To stupefy.
7. Equal.
8. A hair disease.
9. Moisture.
10. God of Love.
11. Travelling home.
12. Understood
17. A convict.
20. Morsel.
21. To add.
23. Pitchy mineral.
25. Compassionate.
26. Charm.
27. A supplement.
28. A furrow.
29. To daub.
30. A facial disease.
31. Fumed.
34. Part of verb "to be."
40. A medicated lozenge.
41. A liqueur.
42. Substance that reacts.
44. Grave.
46. Waistcoat pocket.
48. Exclamation.
50. Stray.
52. Hastened.
53. To have on.
55. Heavy staff.
56. English river.
57. Ice field.
58. Supreme.
60. Consumed.
62. Skill.

The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on page 4.

Go in for the "Fair and Square" Crossword in "The People" next Sunday. £500 must be won weekly.

CHRISTMAS PREPARATIONS

Your Brother Calling

CHRISTMAS should be a festival of joy, glamour and sweet surprises for the children, and happiness, peace and good will for the grown-ups—"so hallowed and so gracious is the time."

But what often happens is that it is a time of worry, hurry and anxiety for the grown-ups, and disappointment and fretfulness for the kiddies.

The remedy is for all grown-ups to collect their thoughts, collect their money, settle their gifts, and then see what is the very best and most generous offering they can spare for their poorer brothers, and in this way make their richest and most acceptable gift to the Holy Babe.

For every happy laugh and gesture of delight from the little ones for what is done for them is a reflection of the Divine Child's smile.

Every bit of relief to the poor mothers and fathers, to enable them to pay their rent and provide a little Christmas cheer for their children, is like an offering, rich and rare, to Mary and Joseph, who were poor and hard driven to provide a shelter for the Infant King.

Don't let Christmas slip by without making your best and sweetest offering to "The Greatest of These . . ." Fund. We have a multitude of families calling from distressed Wales, Scotland, England and Ireland, each with their little ones, each wanting help.

They call all the year round, and, alas! have often to remain unheard. But at Christmas the calling is more persistent. We must not let them cry in vain.

Don't let Christmas slip by without gaining a blessing from the tiny hands of "Our First-born Brother," for "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* THE HON. SECRETARY, 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Just a Mite, 1s.; Miner's Bob, 1s.; K. (Oxford), 3s.; J. N. S. H., 1s. 3d.; Two Tommies, 1s.; N. Hamilton (Sheffield), 1s. 6d.; W. K. Powell (Oxford), 6d.; J. E. H., 6d.; Grateful, 1s.; Mrs. E. Grindrod, 1s.; Mrs. Lily Fachney (Worthing), 1s.; Govan, 2s. 4½d.; L. R., 2s.; Windle (Sheffield), 6d.; Fair View, 2s. 6d.; Chumnie (and Sheen), 9d.; Ralbargran, £1; M. S., 1s.; A. Goldring (Woking), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Durham), 1s. 3d.; Leslie (Blackpool), 2s. 6d.; Friday's Mite, 1s.; A Grateful Widow, 5s.; Inasmuch (Gillingham), 10s.; Mrs. Dunn (Ayr), 2s. 6d.; A. W. A. (Portsmouth), 2s.; Mr. H. M. Pearce (Benfleet), 2s. 6d.; C. M. (Kettering), 4s. 6d.; From Mr. Brulett on behalf of Charles Oppenheimer, 3s. 9d.; Mrs. A. Nicholls, 2s.; "?," 1s. 1d.; Mr. Dunn (Thomas Dillon), 2s. 6d.; J. W. Burton (Hazebrigh), 2s. 6d.; J. K. S. B., 1s.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; J. C. Leather (Northwich), 3s.; Well-wisher and Regular Reader, 2s.; S. A. G., 1s.; M. Harris (Lisbook), 2s.; Grateful Heart, 1s.; Smudge, 2s.; For Luck, 6d.; A Mother of Five (Southampton), 1s. 6d.; "England Expects . . ." from Trafalgar ("Victory"), 10s. 6d.; Rags, 1s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

VAPEX (Full Name Here) INHALANT

Never neglect a Cold

AT the first sign of stuffiness the first dry feeling at the back of the throat, put a drop of "Vapex" on your handkerchief. Breathe the vapour. Notice how it becomes stronger and stronger as you inhale. You feel it coursing through the air passages of the nose and throat, searching out the germs and depriving them of their power for mischief. Congestion is quickly broken up and the whole respiratory system stimulated.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/- per bottle

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD
Bardsley Vale, Lancs.
V 48

EVERYTHING READY TO SWITCH ON for 5/- DOWN

AMAZING Wireless Value! CASES COMPLETE

ALL BRITISH JUNO 2-VALVE LOUD SPEAKER SET

The JUNO 2-VALVE SET comes to you complete with full instructions, all ready for you to instal and listen in. The massive CABINET is of beautifully figured oak enriched with artistically designed moulding, and with handsomely grained and engraved ebonite panel. The JUNO SUPER LOUD SPEAKER is of the popular horn type, specially designed to secure a sweetly mellow tone, while in the base of the instrument is a device for controlling the volume to suit size of the room. Mullard Valves. All components British made of the finest quality, embodying latest improvements to secure purity of reception and amplifying volume. Accessories include H.T. Battery, 2-Volt Accumulator and complete Aerial outfit. JUNO 2-VALVE LOUD SPEAKER SET COMPLETE (all Royalties paid), ready for you to listen-in, sent CARRIAGE PAID direct to your home on LOW EASY TERMS to suit your pocket.

Write NOW for FREE ART LIST and secure World's Largest Range in Wireless Sets.

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JUNO

The only safe rat is the dead rat

BUT kill him with LIVERPOOL VIRUS: —Virussed rats die out of doors, not under your floor boards. *Liverpool Virus is the cheapest EFFECTIVE way of rat destruction*, because it wipes out the whole colony. Harmless to all else.

LIVERPOOL VIRUS

From all chemists, ready baited in tins. For Mice 1/6 and 2/6. Rats 2/6 and 6/-.

EVANS SONS LESCHER & WEBB, LTD. 56, HANOVER ST., LIVERPOOL.

ROYAL
The King of Blades

Your best lead of the day is a "Royal"—they reduce your shaving costs, too. They're made by a special process from finest silver razor steel.

Your dealer supplies them

5 for 1/6
10 for 3/-

A Presentation Pack of 'Royal' Blades and Cards in exchange for 3 empty packets or Ten 'Royal' Blades, or 6 packets of Five, sent with your name and address to

THOMAS TURNER & Co. (Sheffield) Ltd. Dept. S, SHEFFIELD.

Razor Manufacturers for 151 years

FREE BILLIARD TABLES. 33 GIVEN AWAY. WRITE FOR DETAILS.

Showing RILEY'S Home Billiard Table resting on ordinary dining-table

RILEY'S "HOME" BILLIARDS means a happy and contented home life.

A first small payment brings the table carriage paid, free of transit risk and on 7 DAYS' TRIAL.

FOR 14/- DOWN you can have your own perfect Billiard Table, a 6-ft. replica of Riley's famous full-size Billiard Tables. This table (Cash Price £11 15 0) rests comfortably on an ordinary dining-table, and after play can be stored away until the following evening. The balance of the purchase price is paid whilst you are getting enjoyment from the table.

If the 6 ft. size is not convenient, there is sure to be one amongst the following:—

4 ft. 4 ins. x 2 ft. 4 ins.	..	£7	0	0
5 ft. 4 ins. x 2 ft. 10 ins.	..	£9	0	0
6 ft. 4 ins. x 3 ft. 4 ins.	..	£11	15	0
7 ft. 4 ins. x 3 ft. 10 ins.	..	£15	0	0
8 ft. 4 ins. x 4 ft. 4 ins.	..	£21	0	0

or in 18 monthly payments of 8/6, 11/-, 14/-, 18/-, 26/-.

Send to-day for free art list.

E. J. RILEY, LIMITED, ANSON WORKS, ACCRINGTON, and at Dept. 6, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

Riley's "Cabriole" Billiard and Dining Table, cash price £24 10s. [illegible] easy terms) one of [illegible] many attractive designs [illegible]

Riley's "Combine" Billiard & Dining Table. A very popular piece of furniture. Cash price from £22 10s. or on easy terms

Last week! 1,001 'BULLETS' XMAS PRIZES

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 696

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:
Mr. H. DICKINSON, The Lodge, Netherayon, Wilts.
Example:—IN DEEP WATER
Bullet:—NATIONS, WHILST "GULFS" REMAIN.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:
Mr. S. O'BORKE, 58, Queen Margaret's Grove, Balsize Lodge, N.
Example:—HOME LIFE
Bullet:—A QUAINT VICTORIAN CUSTOM.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:
Mr. FRANK HOLMES, 19, Morley Road, Marton Blackpool.
Example:—A MONUMENT
Bullet:—BETTER GRASS THAN GRANITE.

10 £5 and Hamper winners:
F. BRYANT, "Hassett," Knyveton Road, Bournemouth.
IN A GLASS CASE—REGULATIONS—ASSISTANT'S DUSTING FOOD.
Mrs. CARTLEDGE, 59, Harrowby Road, Grantham.
IN DEEP WATER—UNEMPLOYED—"LET THEM LAND."
W. B. COOPER, 76, Rogers Road, Dagenham, Essex.
SOMETIMES—OPPORTUNITY MAKES THIEF—HONEST.
Mrs. F. HARDCASTLE, 18, Red Hill Avenue, Kendray, Barnsley.
HOME LIFE—SMOOTHEST WHERE LAUGHTER "RIPPLES."
H. A. HILL, 18, Granville Road, Finchley, N.
THE BETTER WAY—MAKE BIGAMIST KEEP BOTH!
G. T. LIVESEY, 16, Factory Lane, Milnsbridge, Huddersfield.
IN A GLASS CASE—NOT CHILDHOOD'S "FINEST SPECIMENS."
Sgt. E. P. MORDAUNT, Army School of Education, Shorncliffe, Kent.
THE BETTER WAY—REMEMBER RYE—FORGET JUTLAND.

(Continued on page 4.)

HURRY FOR YOUR XMAS-BOX!

YOU still have time to enter for the great Christmas competition which brings a record year of *Bullets* to an end. But remember that your *bullets* must be in by Saturday, December 22nd, if you want to be amongst the winners.

Second thoughts from early entrants and first thoughts from those who have not yet entered—all have equal opportunities of qualifying for one of the 1,001 Christmas-boxes. These are headed by a noble First of £1,500, with 500 big cash prizes and 500 Surprise Gifts, value 10/6 each, to complete this attractive and seasonable list.

New competitors can begin *Bullets* to-day. Simply take one of the *Examples* printed below and add to it any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment. The winning *Bullets* in Competition No. 696, printed above, show you the way to success.

Choose from these Examples for "Bullets" No. 698

INDUSTRY
ALL IN A LIFETIME
MAKING PEACE
CHRISTMAS
COMING DOWN TO EARTH
SKELETON AT THE FEAST
AN OPPORTUNITY MISSED
UPSETS HER
KING WINTER
WHEN ALL'S SAID AND DONE
AT HOME ON TEN
"NOT TO-DAY, THANKS!"
SHUTTING UP SHOP
GOOD TIME

ONCE A YEAR
BRAVE WOMAN
GOOD ADVICE
PATIENCE
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO-DAY
NO NEED TO WORRY
KISS YOU
SANITY HAS WINGS
WE HAD MONEY, BUT
RELAX
NOT KNOWN YET
IS IT'S GRAVITY
WHEN THE SHIP'S SINKING

LOSING THOUSANDS
WRECKED
SHE HARMED HER AND
PAY—PAY—PAY—
TUMBLE?
JOB FOR CUPID
BEFORE I DIE
THE CLERGY
WHY THINGS GO WRONG
MAN WHO ADVISES ME
BEWARE!
SHRINKING UP
ARE WE ASLEEP?

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 698, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

If you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Closing Saturday, Dec. 22.

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(698) P.O. for
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 4. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 4d.
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(698) P.O. for
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 4. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 4d.
Signed
Address

Closing Saturday, Dec. 22.

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Bullet
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Bullet
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Signed
Address

'ASPRO' SUCCESS AT A BELGIAN HOSPITAL

THE HOSPITAL ST. JEAN

FURTHER TRIUMPH FOR BRITISH MEDICINE

The letter below will bring home to Britons the world-wide popularity of 'ASPRO,' the British Master-Medicine which has conquered the world by its quick, safe, and efficient healing service. Institutions all over the world are taking it up enthusiastically.

READ THIS

Dear Sirs,—I have tried 'ASPRO' and have obtained excellent results. I have also, with the authorisation of the family doctor, made tests in troublesome cases of sciatica and neuritis, and 'ASPRO' has given every satisfaction. Moreover, two people who used aspirin without obtaining relief in cases of ague, have had with 'ASPRO' immediate and satisfactory results of which I am informed by..... their doctor, professor at the Hospital St. Jean.

I authorise you to use this letter so that others suffering from the above-mentioned complaints may take 'ASPRO' with equal success.

(Signed) Fr. BUELENS.

Professor in charge of Children's Kinesitherapie at the Hospital St. Jean.

'ASPRO' SHOWS THAT THE PROVERB "A Prophet is not without Honour save in his own Country" HAS AT LEAST ONE EXCEPTION BECAUSE 'ASPRO,' THE PROPHET OF THE NEW SIMPLE, HEALING METHOD, IS ENTHUSIASTICALLY HONOURED, USED & RECOMMENDED BY THOUSANDS AT HOME & ABROAD

What People Say:

Wards Off Influenza

P. A. Smiley states: "Highly delighted to inform you that 'ASPRO' always staves off Influenza attacks." Within an hour.

Gratitude Expressed

Miss Elliott writes: "Find 'ASPRO' excellent for 'Flu and Neuritis. Mother also helped."

"Self and Patient"

Nurse C., of Regent's Park, has used 'ASPRO' for her patients with excellent results. When threatened with serious illness herself 'ASPRO' checked it.

List of 'Aspro' Services in Every Home:

1. It stops violent headaches in 5 to 10 minutes.
2. It brings sweet sleep to the sleepless.
3. It relieves rheumatism in one night.
4. It relieves children's growing pains.
5. It saves many a sound tooth by removing toothache.
6. It brings relief without causing sickness, indigestion, or a craving.
7. It stops pain without harming the heart.
8. It soothes away irritability.
9. A hot lemon drink and two or three 'ASPRO' Tablets will smash up a cold or 'Flu attack in one night.
10. It reduces temperature in 5 minutes.
11. It can be taken any time, in Tram, Train, at Home, at Business—anywhere—everywhere.
12. It is safe a child can take it.
13. It is the greatest help for women every time within your knowledge.
14. It stops the ill after-effects of alcohol.

'ASPRO' contains the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

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Telephone—SLOUGH 668

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

ASPRO

6d. 1/3 & 2/6
PER PACKET
The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. Contains 24 tablets, equivalent to 2/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6.

Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd.—Taylors Drug Co., Ltd.—Timothy Whites—Squire & Co. (Birmingham), Ltd.—Needhams, Etc., and all Leading Chemists and Stores Stock and Display 'ASPRO.'

WHY CICFA SHOULD BE TAKEN FOR INDIGESTION

Indigestion occurs when there is interference with any of the long and intricate process of digestion, which is carried on all down the alimentary tract. The process of digestion, when perfect, so converts the various foods we eat that the nourishment is extracted in such form that it can enter and nourish the system.

The most distressing symptoms of Stomach Indigestion are Fermentation with Acidity, Heartburn, and Burning Spot behind the left Shoulder-blade. These symptoms can be removed only by restoring the natural Digestive Ferments which are combined in Cicfa.

WHEN CICFA IS TAKEN Heartburn, Fermentation and Acidity cease, the Albuminous foods are promptly digested in the Stomach, digestion of the Starchy foods farther along the alimentary tract rapidly improves, with gradual disappearance of Flatulence and Constipation, and consequent improvement in health and strength.

That is why Cicfa should be taken

	INDIGESTION SYMPTOMS.	
Sharp Neuralgic Headache.		Dull Heavy Headaches.
Acid in Stomach with Heartburn.		Acidity causing Gout and Rheumatism.
Tongue coated in front		Tongue coated at back.
Complexion Blemishes.		Complexion impaired.
Appetite Variable.		Eating disliked. Biliousness.
Pains darting through Chest.		
Burning Spot behind Left Shoulder Blade.		Pain and Constipation.

"Sirs,—I feel I must write and let you know what Cicfa has done for me. I have suffered for years with Indigestion and Heartburn, and Cicfa is the only thing that gives me relief, so I cannot speak too highly of the tablets. Hoping those who suffer like I do will try them, Yours respectfully, (Signed), F. [illegible]."

CICFA SHOULD BE TAKEN WHEN THERE IS A CHANGE OF DIET, AS DURING THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

OVER 19,000 BRITISH DOCTORS

have already taken up Cicfa, and hundreds of them have written us of the very satisfactory results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice. When so many British Doctors are satisfied with Cicfa, you can confidently begin taking it at once.

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JOHN BULL 15/12/28

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